

LYRICAL FORMS IN ENGLISH

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, BY

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Cambridge :
at the University Press
1911

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY JOHN CLAY, M.A.
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

TO MY SIXTH-FORM PUPILS
PAST AND PRESENT

PREFACE

WITH so many excellent school-collections of lyrics already in existence, the publication of still another may seem to some superfluous, if not, indeed, impertinent. If such be the case, the aim and plan of this volume must serve as its apology, for the writer is unacquainted with any other selection of lyrical poetry designed to provide material for what seems to be a recent and distinctive method in the teaching of English literature.

The days are happily past when the study of literature in our schools meant the study of its history ; when our pupils were required to engage in the unprofitable task of learning to associate the titles of some hundreds of books with the names of their authors and the dates of their publication ; when it was of more importance to know that Sir John Suckling wrote *The Goblins* than to have felt the inspiration in a poem by Wordsworth or to have known the poetic richness of a line by Keats.

This merely chronological and educationally barren method of study was succeeded by another infinitely better, which replaced the mere manual of literary history either by substantial portions of our great literature itself—in which case some few “authors” were more or less exhaustively studied—or by more numerous, though less lengthy, extracts representing

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a wider range of writers and a greater variety of subject, in either case the actual texts being studied at first hand. This did not preclude the legitimate use of the chronological method and much admirable work was done in comparing the thoughts and styles of writers of different ages and schools. Such a method was in most respects excellent, but it had one danger and one inevitable development. The danger was the lack of a definitive aim: too often, it is to be feared, the choice of works for study was promiscuous; we were tempted—if we may use a term well understood in public schools—to “browse.” The logical and inevitable development of this method and its predecessor is one which preserves the excellences of both without the defects of either, and which is making rapid strides in pedagogic favour to-day.

Instead of being directed to the works of a writer as a whole, or to a large number of miscellaneous extracts, the pupil's attention is concentrated upon a single literary form, of which chronologically-arranged specimens by many different writers are examined with the view of adducing its structural and other characteristics as a form, of noting its fitness for its work, and of tracing its development or decline in literary history. One type having been thoroughly treated in this manner, another is studied on similar lines, then another, and so on until each of the main literary forms has been dealt with in turn. It will be readily seen that, if the selection of examples be carefully made, the method constitutes at once a legitimate use of chronology, a training in comparative criticism, and a means whereby sound and not inconsiderable knowledge of our literature in its intellectual and artistic incidence may be acquired, whilst its principal feature—the study of

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literary form—though in itself merely a means to an end, gives that coherence and definiteness of purpose which the other methods appear to have lacked.

The present volume is an application of the method to the forms assumed by lyrical poetry in English, a field in which a somewhat lengthy experience in teaching English Literature has proved it eminently suitable.

Not that the writer is by any means a rigid formalist. He realises that the *message* of poetry and its æsthetic appeal must always be first ; but the study of form as an adjunct of literary art is, in his opinion, undoubtedly as valuable an aid to the appreciation of what is best in literature as a knowledge of technique is to the fullest enjoyment of a great painting or of a symphonic composition. At the same time he has little patience with those who would compel all genius to enter the same Procrustean bed, and remembering that originally rules and forms were made not *for* literature but *by* it, he has not hesitated to include, when their excellence seemed to warrant it, specimens which do not closely conform in all their characteristics to the recognised types. Apart from their own intrinsic worth, the value of such specimens to pupils already familiar with the regular forms is obvious.

It has already been claimed that the present system does not discard, but includes, the principles of the comparative method. The value of the latter—too great educationally to be disregarded—lies in the act of perceiving resemblances and differences between literary passages correlated as to subject-matter. It need hardly be pointed out that a precisely similar discipline is afforded by the present method, comparison of the closest and most detailed kind being involved

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at every stage, though it is instituted between varieties of form and treatment, rather than of subject-matter. By this means greater thoroughness is secured, since in comparing any one specimen of a form with its fellows scrupulous regard must be paid to details. On the other hand the comparative treatment of poems comparable as to subject-matter has an undoubted, if sometimes an exaggerated value, and to meet this requirement suitable material has been provided in the appendix. The very strongest advocate, however, of the comparative method, as at present understood, must admit that the fullest benefit cannot be derived from such an exercise except by the pupil who is equipped with an independent and thorough understanding of poetic form in its relationship to matter. The right place for this exercise, therefore, seems to be at the end of such a course as the present.

The following are the main features of the present volume :—

1. It is primarily intended for the use of pupils in the senior and middle forms of secondary schools, but the compiler is not without hope that it may find a somewhat wider acceptance among other students and lovers of poetry.

2. Material and "apparatus" for the study of lyrical poetry in its chief forms are provided.

The material is a selection of lyrical verse in *English* and therefore legitimately includes poems by American, Irish, and Scottish authors. The choice has been made with regard to the following considerations :—

- (a) The capabilities of those for whom the book is chiefly intended have been carefully borne in mind, and in nearly every case the poems have been personally tested in their appeal to the editor's own pupils.

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(b) In accordance with the requirements of the new method, most of the pieces have been chosen as illustrative of the special features of their kind, but in no case has poetry of inferior merit been admitted. In the humble judgment of the compiler, therefore, every poem in the collection is of the highest quality.

(c) When possible, the poems have been selected as representative of their authors' most characteristic work.

3. The selections have been divided into five groups under the headings of *Song-Lyric*, *Sonnet*, *Ode*, *Idyll*, and *Elegy* respectively. The poems in each section have been arranged chronologically to admit of comparison and historical reference.

4. In the few cases where it has seemed wise or necessary to omit lines from a poem, care has been taken that the essential form or unity of the whole has not been impaired.

5. Both by very careful attention to the punctuation and by the collation of the best authoritative texts, no pains have been spared to secure the highest degree of accuracy in the text.

6. Whilst it is recognised that only by reading a poem aloud can a pupil appreciate fully its lyrical quality, much attention has been bestowed upon the printed arrangement, that the form of each poem may be at once apparent to the eye.

7. The "apparatus" provided consists of a general introduction and five sectional introductions: the former indicating the principles which determine the *natural* structure of the lyric and giving, from the point of view of form, a brief survey of its evolution and characteristics; the latter dealing with the *special* structure and qualities of the separate individual forms.

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These introductions are, of course, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive, and should be read early in the perusal of the book as indicating the chief points arising for consideration in the study of lyrical forms. As a further aid brief Notes have been provided. It is recommended that every poem should be examined with reference both to its general qualities as a lyric and to its special qualities as a definite lyrical form.

8. To facilitate reference in class, the lines or stanzas of the longer poems have been numbered.

In conclusion the writer wishes to express his thanks and gratitude to the following for their uniform courtesy and generosity in allowing him to reprint copyright poems, a kindness which makes it possible to bring the selections in the volume down to the most recent times :—

To Mr. Alfred Austin for *When Runnels Began to Leap and Sing* ;

Canon Beeching for *Going Down-hill on a Bicycle* ;

Mr. A. C. Benson and Mr. John Lane for *My Will* ;

Miss Kate Brown and the Editor and Proprietors of *The Westminster Gazette* for *April* ;

Messrs. Chatto and Windus for Bret Harte's *What the Bullet Sang* ;

Mr. R. S. de Vere and Messrs. Pickering and Chatto for the late Sir Aubrey de Vere's *Rock of Cashel* ;

Messrs. Bertram Dobell and Reeves for two selections by the late James Thomson ("B.V.") ;

Mr. Austin Dobson for *A Song of the Four Seasons* ;

Messrs. Ellis for a sonnet by the late D. G. Rossetti ;

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler for *Loss and Gain* ;

Mr. Alfred Hayes and Mr. John Lane for *My Study* ;

Rev. H. Walsham How for the late Bishop How's *Winter* ;

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Methuen for *Recessional*, from *The Five Nations* (Methuen) ;

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Mr. E. V. Lucas for *The Cricket-Ball Sings*, from *The Open Road* (Methuen);

Messrs. G. Routledge and Sons for two sonnets by Longfellow;

Miss Smith for the late Ada Smith's *In City Streets*;

Mr. John Lane for Mr. William Watson's *April*;

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton for his *Natura Maligna* and *Natura Benigna*, and also for the late A. C. Swinburne's *March: an Ode*;

Messrs. Macmillan for the most recent texts of Matthew Arnold's *A Southern Night* and *The Forsaken Merman*; and for the text of Chatterton's *Roundelay* from Ward's *English Poets*.

Thanks are also due to Messrs. Chambers and Sidgwick and their publishers for permission to use their text of *Cristemas* from *Early English Lyrics* (Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson); and to Mr. W. Walton for kind help willingly given while the present volume was passing through the press.

NORMAN HEPPLÉ.

GATESHEAD, October 1911.

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INTRODUCTION

THE HISTORY AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ENGLISH LYRIC

It is fitting that in the remote and golden days of Greece, the lyric, that most delightful but elusive variety of poetry, should have had its birth, so far as Europe was concerned, when Sappho and Alcaeus from their sea-girt home of Lesbos sent forth their songs across the blue waters of the Mediterranean to the listening world. Then and afterwards, even as late as Aristotle, the lyric, to the Greeks, was a poem designed to be sung by a *single voice to the accompaniment of a lyre*, and though the present volume is concerned only with lyrics in English, this fact is fraught with the fullest significance, for it implies the presence, in the original lyric, of characteristics which have persisted to the present day, when they serve in some measure as distinguishing tests of this, the finest and truest form of poetry.

I. THE LYRIC IN ENGLISH

The first point of interest suggested by the Greek conception of the lyric is its intimate and evident connection with music—a relationship which has been maintained to the present day, for though the modern lyric does not necessarily presuppose any *external* musical accompaniment, music in one form or another, either within the poem itself or as a necessary adjunct, must be regarded as an integrant and indispensable part of the species. The two elements, words and music, the former supplying the theme and the latter contributing at least a part of the emotion, have always been present and are complementary, though the relative prominence given to each has varied considerably at different times; and, for the most part, it is true to say that the history of the development of lyrical poetry is that of the

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stages by which it became, *when its composers so desired*, independent of music as an *external* accessory. For as poetry developed, the poets gradually discovered the capabilities of words and rhythms alone for producing emotional effects similar to, if not identical with, those obtained by the use of an external accompaniment. In view of this, it is rather startling to find that as late as 1815 Wordsworth seemed to adhere to the original idea of the Greeks, when he wrote in the Preface to his *Poems*:

"Some of these pieces are essentially lyrical; and, therefore, cannot have their due force without a supposed musical accompaniment; but, in much the greatest part, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, I require nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation."

This, however, we may regard as an exceptional and experimental case, and the advanced stage which poetry had then reached in the development of which we are speaking is shown in the verbal music of his great contemporary, Coleridge. Absorbed into the body of the poetry itself, and manifesting itself in the mere turn of a phrase, the suggestion of a word, the tones of a vowel arrangement, or the verbal melody of the syllables, music, in the hands of the greater lyric poets, was able to keep pace with the rapid development in lyrical emotion and subject.

From this point of view the history of the English lyric may be divided into four broad periods: the primitive stage in which the theme was of little importance and the language in such a crude and undeveloped state as to make the minstrel's "romantic harp" almost a necessity for the full effectiveness of the poem; the next stage in which the subject-matter remained conventional and—though with notable exceptions—comparatively unimportant, but when words and rhythms were invested with the highest musical quality and the *formal* side of the poem was developed to the utmost; a third period in which the subject-matter became of more importance than the form or the music; and the last period when subject and form assumed almost equal importance and an artistic compromise was effected between the two. These four stages correspond roughly to the four general divisions into which it is convenient and customary to divide our national literature as a whole: the Pre-Elizabethan, the Elizabethan, the Classical, and the Romantic (including the Neo-Romantic) periods.

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Of these divisions the first includes the Anglo-Saxon and Middle English poetry and affords little material suitable for a collection like the present. In poems like the *Wanderer* and the *Seafarer* there is the promise of the lyrical gift, but save that they are occasionally strongly subjective, there is little of distinctly lyrical performance: they are chiefly narrative and descriptive. Indeed, from the beginning of English poetry up to Chaucer—that is throughout the Anglo-Saxon Age and during the first two-thirds of the Middle English Period—there are singularly few true lyrics recorded, although during Middle English times there must have been many in circulation along with the popular ballads in the repertoires of the minstrels.

The earliest of those which have survived is *Somer is ycomen in*, a little song which has considerable grace and delicacy, and which displays a sense of form and musical rhythm perhaps instinctive in its author. In these respects it seems to have been unique among its contemporaries, as the songs recorded about the same time are, for the most part, like *Fowles in the Frith*, rather crude in their workmanship. Unlike the older ballad forms, lyric poetry, as we know it, is essentially the product of conscious art and requires a certain degree of æsthetic sensibility and refinement, to be acquired only by education. It is not to be expected, therefore, that, in times when even the most enlightened classes were overshadowed by the ignorance and dark asceticism of the earlier Middle Ages, lyric should display much of that artistic refinement of expression which we now come to associate with it in its more modern development and personal

In Chaucer, though his work is marked by both their lyrical and buoyancy, passages which are distinctly lyrical are by no means common—not to say rare. During the century following his death, that is, in the last half of the Middle English Period, recorded lyrics become more frequent, and these years may be regarded, in some that they time of transition, or of preparation for the Elizabethan intellectual of song which immediately follows. Of the lyrics belonging to the Pre-Elizabethan Age only two have a place in this volume, the poem we have already mentioned, *Somer is ycomen in*, and *Cristemas*, both of which date from the thirteenth century and are thoroughly English in tone, owing nothing, apparently,

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to the French influence which was beginning to invade our literature about the time of their composition.

With the Elizabethans the second of the stages we have indicated was reached, when the formal excellence of the lyric was assured. Their work in the lyric field may be conveniently divided into two classes; those poems written to be sung to a musical accompaniment and those designed to be self-sufficient in the matter of musical quality; or, to distinguish the classes by names—the *Vocal Song-Lyrics* and the *Literary* or *Book-Lyrics*. The latter class, of course, contains the sonnets and the longer lyrics of Spenser, Sidney, and Shakespeare.

Of the lyrics in the first group it may be said that they are unrivalled: in no other age has music been so happily "married to immortal verse."¹ The great song-writers of the time were shrewd enough and sufficiently gifted to perceive that there were two methods of successfully mingling poetry and accompanying music. One of these was to take care that the provinces of music and words did not overlap, either by seeing that the *kind* of music suggested by the words was different from that supplied by the accompaniment, or, though much more rarely, by deliberately making the language rough as is the case in Thomas Weelkes's madrigal beginning:—

"Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurous fire," etc.

The other method was to keep the intellectual content of the poem strictly subordinate and slight, since song has little to do with the emotions. In their [redacted] reflect and much to do with the emotions. In their [redacted] there is little of reflection, and nothing of speculation. Therefore, there is little of reflection, and nothing of speculation. the high Nor, again, are the emotions expressed in any degree complex: developed main, though these may be sincere and intense, they are matter of the slightness of the intellectual message, accompanied and the [redacted] and poignancy of feeling, is obvious, for example, and the [redacted] stanza from Amiens' song in *As You Like It*. importance of the two.

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"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho!" etc.

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In thus restricting the subject-matter of their songs the Elizabethan song-writers seem to have done deliberately what their predecessors probably could not avoid doing owing to the very limited character of the education then available—a limitation so effectually removed in Elizabethan times by the Renaissance.

There can be no question that the lyrical life which throbs in the poetry of that age received its impulse from the literary phase of this great movement, and it is the more singular, therefore, that an impulse derived from such a source did not expend itself chiefly in widening the range of lyric themes. If such an extension had taken place we should find it more especially among the poems which we placed in the second group and designated as "literary lyrics." These poems were not written for the purpose of being sung or of having any musical accompaniment, but by their form and spirit, their musical rhythms and their turns of phrase, they *suggest* the quality of music within themselves: "they sing themselves in the heart"—to translate the famous sentence of M. Brunetière. An examination, however, of these—even of the sonnet-sequences and the longer lyrical poems of Spenser and Sidney—shows that the largely predominating subject is the conventional one of love. It may seem strange that the poets of a nation awakened by the Renaissance into the fullest and most vigorous life should have confined themselves even in their lyric poetry to what was practically a single theme, when such a rich and varied field of experience lay ready to their hand. Perhaps the limitation is more apparent than real, for the passionate feeling which they poured into this one theme was of the most intense and personal description. Nevertheless the fact remains that in their lyrical poetry they made use only of this one outlet for their inspiration, the rest of their vigorous life finding expression in the other literary forms of that magnificent and probably unrivalled literary age.

When we remember the comparative ease with which they could "get into print," it seems even more remarkable that they did not yield to the temptation of elaborating the intellectual part of their poems; for the invention of printing had the effect of concentrating the attention of the reader upon the matter, rather than upon the form of a poet's work, and gave the latter greater permanence and wider currency than could have been the case when it was transmitted merely in manuscript. Yet

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it is true to say that the major portion of the lyrical impulse of Elizabethan times was concentrated upon the invention and perfecting of lyric *forms*, as opposed to the development of lyric *themes*, and it is in this respect that the Elizabethans specially excelled, for they have left us a body of lyrical verse richly musical and, with the possible exception of the finest work of the Romantic and Victorian poets, unsurpassed—at least as regards form—by any lyrical poetry composed before or since.

During the period of transition between the Elizabethan and "Classical" Ages the lyric was practised by a group of writers of whom Herrick, Wither, Lovelace, and Waller were in many respects typical. These poets changed its character, and in their hands it became a light, short, pleasant song, often of exquisite daintiness, combined with courtly ease and grace. For the most part the poems deal with trivial subjects of only fleeting interest—with the ladies and events of contemporary society and the court, but there is about them a certain haunting charm of melody and style which lingers in the memory, while some of them, and especially those of Herrick, are quite inimitable.

The "Classical" Age which followed them was, so far as the lyric is concerned, a period of decadence, its very strong points being precisely those most opposed to lyric success. The poets of the time were chiefly concerned with criticism of society and manners, with philosophy and analysis, subjects in their very nature fatal to the true lyrical spirit. Such an exaltation of the intellectual side of life was made at the expense of the emotional, and a lyric without emotion is a poetic impossibility. From the point of view of form it ought to be noticed that the heroic couplet at this time attained a degree of perfection in use never reached before, but this of all metres is perhaps least well adapted for lyrical verse, the regular rise and fall of cadence and pause admitting of little variation, and inclining to monotony.

We may say, then, that the nature of the subject-matter and the undue prominence given to it were the causes of the meagre and inferior lyrical production of this period, and it is a curious fact that in these dark times the lyric torch was carried most worthily by none other than Dryden who shared with Pope the leading position in the "Classical" school and whose

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two poems, the *Song for St. Cecilia's Day* and *Alexander's Feast*, are noble specimens of genuine lyrical work.

With the advent of the Romantic and Neo-Romantic schools the lyric entered upon the latest and in many respects the highest stage of its career, for, though not all of the Romantic poets possessed the lyrical gift to the same extent, in Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson—to mention only the finest—it attained a most inspired height. The excellence which these poets achieved as lyric-writers seems to have been due to two things. In the first place they perceived, in a higher degree, perhaps, than even the Elizabethans had done, the music latent in words, and succeeded in producing in their poetry, by means of happy combinations of words and rhythms, effects similar to those produced by music itself. Keats and Tennyson, more especially, were musical artists in words, and lines like

“Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.
Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.”

or

“The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores.”

make their appeal to us as much by the lingering fascination of their music as by the exquisiteness of their pictorial suggestion. It is in this respect that the modern lyric surpasses the Elizabethan; a loss of some of the sunny spontaneity of the latter being balanced by a corresponding gain in power, on the part of the former, to express a wider range and more complex quality of emotion.

The success of the modern lyric has, in the second place, been due to the fine appreciation, by the lyric writers, of the delicate balance subsisting between subject and form. Never before has such a variety of subjects found its way into English lyrical verse and been so completely absorbed as to give a certain intellectual value and body to the poems without in any way detracting from their lyrical worth. Therein has lain, in large measure, the skill of the great lyrists from Wordsworth to Tennyson: they have been able to perceive with nicety the degree of thought which the lyric could carry, and exactly how this could be introduced without damage to the poem itself. Thus, for example, in the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* Keats enshrined the profound dictum that “Beauty is truth: truth

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beauty," yet who will dare to say that the thought is unduly obtrusive, or in any way out of keeping with the delicate reserve of what we must regard as one of the most graceful lyrics in the language? It is, therefore, in their ability to perceive both the musical possibilities of words and the subtle relationship of matter to form that the Romantic and later lyrists are superior even to the Elizabethans.)

II. SUBJECTIVITY OF THE LYRIC

The limitation by the Greeks of the term "lyric," in its application, to poetry sung by a *single* voice contained the germ of another characteristic of its English descendant—its subjectivity. This, indeed, is considered by many competent critics to be the ultimate test of lyrical as distinguished from epic, ballad, or purely narrative poetry, and, whether or not it is wise to make subjectivity the final court of appeal, its presence in all the finest lyrical verse cannot be denied. In view of this, it may be well at this point to make clear the distinction between subjective and objective poetry.

In the ancient popular ballads, for example, there is a singular absence of any hint as to the personality of the author, —a feature which has led scholars to form the theory of Communal Authorship. The ballad-story is told simply and directly, without any indications of the narrator's private feelings on the matter, without his making any reflections or offering any opinions of his own, without the betrayal in the slightest degree of his mood. As Mr. Kittredge remarks, it is almost as if the tale were telling itself. The primitive people among whom such ballads had their origins led the simplest of lives. Their experiences were not abstractions, but events, deeds, and objects; and it was of these that they sang. The stimulus of their poetry, therefore, came from *without* themselves, and such poetry we agree to call Objective.

(On the other hand much of our poetry is suffused with the individuality of the writer. Directly or indirectly he reveals his presence in a poem; his feelings vitalise it; his mood colours it; the ruggedness or delicacy of his character is betrayed in it; his own thoughts, experiences, and ideals constitute its matter; it becomes, in a way, a mirror of himself.) Thus, if we were shown three poems by Byron, Shelley, and Matthew Arnold

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respectively, and were not told by whom they were composed, we should have little difficulty in guessing their authors correctly, so characteristically stamped with the individuality of each would they be. The sources of such poetry are clearly *within* and it we designate Subjective.

Now poetry of this kind is essentially a modern growth, corresponding to the immense development of individuality in modern times, and, as we should expect of a literary type whose birth, at a time when self-realisation was a new and joyous thing, may be said to have synchronised with that of modern life, the lyric has made of it almost its own peculiar possession. In a highly composite poetic literature like ours, it is, of course, impossible to make the distinction between subjective and objective poetry the *sole* basis of classification, for personal and impersonal elements are frequently mingled; but, on the whole, it is true to say that epic, ballad, and dramatic poetry belong to the objective division, while the lyric almost monopolises the subjective variety.

There is a special reason for this high subjectivity of the lyric. In the composition of a man's personality emotion bulks so largely that in any expression of his personality it is bound to play a very prominent part; and experience has demonstrated that of all poetic modes, the lyric is the best adapted for emotional expression. It follows, then, that the lyric is most intimately connected with emotion, and, indeed, Mr. Henley boldly goes the whole length and defines the lyric as "a single emotion temperamentally expressed in terms of poetry." There is much truth, if not the whole truth, in this definition; for even in the case of deeply reflective poetry whose only claim to be classed as lyrical lies in its subjectivity, the emotional element is present, though it may be chilled and subdued by the very nature of that which called it forth. Subjectivity implies the presence of emotion of some kind and in some degree; and the converse of this is true; so that both the one and the other are necessary parts of the lyric.

III. THE UNITY AND SIZE OF THE LYRIC

Another distinguishing mark of a lyric is its unity: it is self-contained, and everything within it is directly related to *one* central idea. The definition we quoted in the preceding section

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expresses this in the word, "single," and Mr. Palgrave in his Preface to the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* also holds "lyrical" to "imply that each poem shall turn on some *single* thought, feeling, or situation." The important thing to remember is that this one idea or situation is expressed in lyrical poetry through the medium of an emotion: the poem issues from the poet's mind by means of an emotion, and by the same means it enters ours. Bearing this in mind we are enabled to perceive not only that the lyric is unified by the emotion, but also that the latter often defines the boundaries of the poem which in many cases is limited strictly by the duration of the emotional excitement. Edgar Allan Poe, himself the finest lyricist that America has produced, and a critic well qualified to speak on such a matter, says in his *Essay on the Poetic Principle*, "I hold that a long poem does not exist. That degree of excitement, which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained through a composition of any great length. After the lapse of half an hour at the very utmost, it flags...and then the poem...is no longer such." (Many lyric poets, like Poe and Shelley, or even like Byron who "tossed off" his verses "after banquets and balls at two in the morning," have composed at a white heat of emotion and have drawn off at least the first sketch with great rapidity. In the case of poetry produced in such a manner Poe's remark holds good, and as soon as the emotion has subsided the poem must cease. It follows, therefore, that lyrics of this description are ordinarily *short* poems, since the stimulating emotion seldom lasts even as long as the half-hour allowed by Poe. It ought to be noted, however, that, for other poets like Wordsworth, the condition of lyrical composition has been rather that of "emotion recollected in tranquillity"—a condition which, as in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, sometimes admits of a more lengthy treatment. Such a method does not materially affect the facts of the case as regards the part played by emotion in the lyric: the latter still originates in and is unified by an emotion, the only difference being that the emotion, in this case, is a "recollected" one.)

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IV. STRUCTURE OF THE LYRIC

In the pages which follow, it will be seen that the lyrics have been divided into five different groups: the song-lyric, the sonnet, the ode, the idyll, and the elegy, most of which have more or less distinct structural marks. It is not of these special forms that we wish to speak at present, but of a structural scheme which, though it can by no means be described as general, is yet met with in a sufficiently large number of lyrics of all types to make it worthy of notice in a book professing like the present to deal with lyrical poetry mainly from the point of view of form. Such a structural scheme, when present at all, occurs most frequently in lyrics of the kind referred to in the last section as spontaneously produced, and may therefore, for convenience, be termed the *Natural* structure of a lyric. This may be described as a record of the stages through which a mind, disturbed by an emotion, passes before it resumes its normal condition. To take a simple illustration, let us suppose that someone has committed an offence which arouses our anger. Our feeling against the offender rises and disturbs both our body and our thoughts: the latter are not those which we should think under ordinary conditions, for we partially lose control over them. The disturbance reaches its height, declines, and we at length resolve to forgive the offender, or, perhaps, conclude that we are powerless to obtain any redress. As soon as we reach the stage at which we make such a resolution or conclusion, our anger has passed, our thoughts are again under our control, and our mind has once more resumed its ordinary state. Such is the normal path of an emotion, and since, as we have seen, the lyric is often coterminous with the emotion which animates it, it follows that we may sometimes expect to see reproduced in the poem the stages we have noted in the course of the emotion.

That which arouses the emotion—the offence in our illustration—we shall call the *Motive*; and the poet, in order to make us experience the same “wave” of feeling which he,

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himself, has felt and desires to express, consciously or unconsciously first presents to us that which aroused the emotion within himself. This reproduction of the motive as a rule constitutes the first part of a well-constructed lyric. Thus, for example, the feeling of pleasure and gaiety which we share with Wordsworth in his poem, *Daffodils*, is engendered in the picture of the daffodils which Wordsworth makes it his first business to present. (The motive may be anything in human experience, as, for example, an object of art—a Grecian urn or a picture (Nos. 139, 179); a natural phenomenon such as the wind (Nos. 137, 143), or a rainbow (No. 54), or one of the seasons (Nos. 95, 138); a living creature, such as the skylark (Nos. 52, 136), or the fly (No. 48)—anything in fact, from a cricket-ball (No. 92) to the moon (No. 17). Sometimes it is a whole situation, as in No. 89; or, again, it may occasionally be a thought as in Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* (No. 134), where the poet's feelings are moved by the thought of the contrast between what used to be and what is.)

The second part of a lyric consists of the thoughts arising from the action of the motive, and corresponds to the development and decline of the emotion. Such thoughts are really registers of the emotional disturbance, and to this fact must frequently be attributed their unusual and poetic character. In the examples quoted below as illustrative of lyrical structure, they may be found, properly distinguished.

The third division of a lyric is that in which is expressed the final attitude of the poet's mind, when the emotion has subsided: it is, therefore, the intellectual part of the poem, and with it the latter must close. As was the case in the incident we mentioned in the early part of this section, it generally takes the form of some conclusion, reflection, resolution, or decision.)

To illustrate what we have said, let us analyse Herrick's song, *To Blossoms*, in which the three parts may be distinguished; the blossoms forming the motive, and the intellectual conclusion—slight, as is proper in a song—occupying the last stanza:—

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| 1. <i>Motive</i> | { | Fair pledges of a fruitful tree, Why do ye fall so fast? Your date is not so past, But you may stay yet here awhile, To blush and gently smile, And go at last. |
| 2. <i>Thoughts suggested by the motive, and expressing regret</i> | { | What, were ye born to be An hour or half's delight And so to bid good-night? 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth Merely to show your worth, And lose you quite. |
| 3. <i>Intellectual Conclusion</i> | { | But you are lovely leaves, where we May read how soon things have Their end, though ne'er so brave; And after they have shown their pride Like you, awhile, they glide Into the grave. |

HERRICK

Considerations of space prohibit the multiplication of examples, but it is hoped that the following dissected sonnet may make this matter of "natural" structure quite clear:—

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| 1. <i>Motive</i> | { | The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep, And round the pebbly beaches far and wide, I heard the first wave of the rising tide Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep— |
| 2. <i>Thoughts arising from the motive</i> | { | A voice out of the silence of the deep, A sound mysteriously multiplied As of a cataract from the mountain's side Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep. |
| 3. <i>Intellectual Conclusion</i> | { | So comes to us at times, from the unknown And inaccessible solitudes of being, The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul; And inspirations that we deem our own, Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing Of things beyond our reason or control. |

LONGFELLOW

PART I

THE SONG-LYRIC

"And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!"

R. L. STEVENSON

MUCH of what has already been said in the General Introduction is specially applicable to the subject dealt with in this section—the Song. In particular the affinity of music for words which we noted as characteristic of all lyrical poetry is most strongly marked in the case of this, the most popular of all lyrical forms in English. Indeed, so close is the connection between the two elements that the same word, *Song*, is applied both to a particular species of poetical composition and to a purely musical form, the melody or air; while in its more general acceptance the term implies a union of these two ideas, the most effective song being the product of music and words acting in concert. For all practical purposes a song may be defined as a short poem adapted for singing and sometimes actually set to music, or a metrical composition musical in itself, though neither fitted nor specially designed for singing otherwise than "in the heart"—alternatives corresponding to the two classes already referred to as Vocal and Literary Song-Lyrics. It may seem almost a paradox to speak of a song as "adapted for singing," but so many lyrics unsuitable for this purpose have been entitled songs that the distinction is both a real and a necessary one. In arranging the examples in this section no attempt has been made to separate the two classes, but as this will constitute an excellent exercise in classification, sufficient guidance will, it is hoped, be given in this introduction to render the task not too difficult for the pupil.

THE SONG-LYRIC

From what has been said, it would appear that the best kind of vocal song is that in which music and words are most successfully blended and unified. It has often happened, as in the cases of Sidney, Milton, Dibdin, Moore, and, to judge from his frequent references to music, Shakespeare himself, that a song-poet has also been a musician; and to this happy combination of talents we undoubtedly owe many of our finest songs. Both Herrick and Waller, even if they were not musical themselves (and there is no reason to suppose that this was the case), collaborated with Henry Lawes, the famous melodist celebrated by Waller in one of his poems, and their songs produced in this manner are eminently singable and dainty. Again, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, many fine old melodies which were in danger of disappearing because of their rude and inferior words had these replaced by others more worthy of them, and have thus been not only preserved but also enhanced in value. Burns and Moore, for example, fitted many of their songs to tunes already in existence, the one to "Scottish Airs" and the other to "Irish Melodies," and it is now well known that Lady Anne Lindsay wrote *Auld Robin Gray*, and Lady Nairn many of her songs, to replace words too coarse to be in accordance with the requirements of modern taste. It is a literary and musical curiosity that Lady Nairn's sentimental *Land o' the Leal* composed in this fashion was set to the same melody as Burns' martial *Scots, Wha Hae*.

Thought of in conjunction with the fact that, since a vocal song is designed for singing, the musician—presumably in the best position to know what is most suitable for this purpose—has a right to dictate to the song-poet, the above examples may incline us to the opinion that, of the two parts of a song, words and melody, the latter is the more important, a view that seems to gain support when we remember songs like our own National Anthem, which have very indifferent words and yet have survived by reason of good tunes. It would not, however, be impossible, though perhaps more difficult, to adduce examples of songs which owe their force and popularity more to their words than to the quality of their melodies. The truth is that the important part played by *association* in the popularising of a song can seldom be properly

THE SONG-LYRIC

assessed, and so long as this is unknown it is impossible to say whether any particular song owes more to its words or to its melody. We have only to remember songs like *Home, Sweet Home* or *Lochaber No More* to judge of the added force given to a song by its associations.

It will have been gathered that a song-writer composing poems to be sung has, other things being equal, a more difficult task to perform than one who is unrestricted by the exigencies of vocalisation, and a summary of the limitations imposed upon him will incidentally furnish the means of distinguishing between the two classes of songs.

1. In the first place he is much restricted in his choice of words, the best songs being those in singing which the mouth is well opened. In pronouncing vowel-sounds like *ee* in *seen*, *ay* in *pain*, *i* in *pin*, the teeth are brought close together, the lips stretched over them, and the opening of the mouth takes the form of a narrow slit: this makes vocalisation very difficult. So that words intended to be sung should be composed so far as possible of *open* vowel-sounds like *a* in *father*, *aw* in *fall*, *oh* in *slow*, *o* in *not*. Close vowels cannot, of course, be wholly avoided, but an examination of songs like *Where the bee sucks* (No. 11) and *The Last Rose of Summer* (No. 61) will show how largely open sounds predominate.

A similar rule holds good in the case of consonant-sounds like *f*, *v*, *p*, *q*, *w*, *s*, *z*, which practically close the mouth and which should be avoided as far as possible. When they are used they should be followed immediately by an open vowel, as in *fond*, *divine*, *soul*, so that the contracted organs may be at once released. The liquids *l*, *m*, *n* and *r*, are favourites with song-writers, because of their smoothness and soft flowing quality. In regard to the first of these one remembers Leigh Hunt's remark on the lines in *Christabel*,

"Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness."

that "the very smoothness and gentleness of the limbs is in the series of *l*'s." This suggests another rule universally observed in the best vocal songs, viz. that all hissing, harsh, or guttural sounds which detract from the tonic beauty of a song must be avoided.

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2. Again, in a song written for music there are restrictions with regard to metre. In a "literary" song-lyric there is a reasonable license in this matter, but if a song is to be sung, the fall of the accents must be perfectly regular, the metre firm and smooth, and, if the words be written in conjunction with the melody, the open vowels and the long notes should fall together.

Many of the songs of Burns, Moore, and Dibdin owe their success to the careful observance of these principles, and an analysis of the metres and vocabulary of their songs, on the lines indicated, will well repay the student.

3. The song-poet is also limited in several ways as regards the subject-matter of a song designed for singing. For instance, if the poem be written in stanzas there ought to be a general correspondence and similarity of sentiment in the different stanzas, for without this there may be a discordance between words and music, since the same melody has often to serve as the musical expression of each stanza in the song. To show how familiar Shakespeare was with this restriction, the two stanzas of his song, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," are printed here side by side :—

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|---|--|
| "Blow, blow, thou winter wind Thou art not so unkind As man's ingratitude; Thy tooth is not so keen Because thou art not seen, Although thy breath be rude. Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho!" etc. | "Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky Thou dost not bite so nigh As benefits forgot; Though thou the waters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp As friend remember'd not. Heigh-ho!" etc. |

The parallel development of a similar sentiment in the two stanzas will readily be perceived and it is clear that a melody composed to fit the first stanza will also be for the most part in perfect accord with the second.

Again, although a vocal song should always embody some adequate and worthy sentiment or thought, this should be slight, direct, and at once apparent. It is because Shelley's lyrics, so delicate and intricate in their imagery, so subtle and elusive in their thought, do not comply with this condition, that they are with very few exceptions, quite unfitted to be sung. The more complex ideas and the finer, subtler shades of feeling;

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which can be expressed easily and fully in poetry written to be read, cannot be admitted into poetry which is to be sung, for the conditions under which poetry is thus *read* and *heard* respectively are obviously very different. A *reader* has the poem in print before him; he may, if he choose, read it a dozen times and ponder it as deeply and as long as he pleases, until eventually he possesses all that it has to give. But this is not so with the *listener*, who merely hears the quickly uttered words as they are being sung, and, at a time when half of his attention is directed towards the music, has his only chance of grasping their significance. Necessarily, therefore, the subject-matter of verse written for the voice is limited in its scope to broad and direct lines of thought and to simple emotions. This, with the other restrictions noted above, will serve as a means of identifying the vocal song-lyric as distinct from the "literary" variety.

SONG-LYRICS

I.—Somer is ycomen in

Somer is ycomen in,
Loud sing, cuckoo ;
Groweth seed and blometh mead
And springeth the wood new.
Sing, cuckoo !
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf coo ;
Bullock sterteth,
Buck verteth ;
Merrily sing, cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo !
Well sing'st thou, cuckoo,
Nor cease thou never noo.

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2.—Cristemas

Lett no man cum into this hall,
Grome, page, nor yet marshall,
But that sum sport he bring with all ;
For now is the time of Cristèmas !

If that he say he can not sing,
Some oder sport then lett him bring,
That it may please at this festing ;
For now is the time of Cristèmas !

If he say he can nought do,
Then for my love aske him no mo,
But to the stokkes then lett him go ;
For now is the time of Cristèmas !

ANONYMOUS

3.—Begone, Dull Care !

Begone, dull care ! I prithee begone from me !
Begone, dull care ! you and I shall never agree.
Long time hast thou been tarrying here and fain thou wouldst
me kill,
But, i' faith, dull care, thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man turn grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance and I will sing, and merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away.

ANONYMOUS

ANONYMOUS *and* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

4.—Hence, Care!

Sing we and chant it
While love doth grant it.
Fa la la!

Not long youth lasteth
And old age hasteth.
Fa la la!

Now is best leisure
To take our pleasure.
Fa la la!

All things invite us
Now to delight us.
Fa la la!

Hence care be packing,
No mirth be lacking.
Fa la la!

Let spare no treasure
To live in pleasure.
Fa la la!

ANONYMOUS

5.—Winter

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!
Tu-whoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When all about the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!

Tu-whoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. SHAKESPEARE

6.—Who is Sylvia?

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness;
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

W. SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

7.—Two Songs from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*

(1) *The Fairy Life*

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be :
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours ;
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

W. SHAKESPEARE

(2) *A Fairy Lullaby*

Ye spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy-queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby-
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, goodnight, with lullaby.
Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

W. SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

8.—Two Madrigals

(1) *"Tell me where is fancy bred"*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

Ding, dong, bell.

W. SHAKESPEARE

(2) *Youth and Age*

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O! my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

W. SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

9.—A Morning Song

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every pretty thing that is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

W. SHAKESPEARE

10.—Ingratitude

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

W. SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

II.—Three Songs *from* The Tempest

(1) *A Fairy Dance*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark ! hark !

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

W. SHAKESPEARE

(2) *Sea-Magic*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

W. SHAKESPEARE

(3) *Elfin Life*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough !

W. SHAKESPEARE

12.—The Man of Upright Life

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds
Or thoughts of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent :

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

T. CAMPION

13.—The Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

SIR HENRY WOTTON *and* THOMAS DEKKER

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend ;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON

14.—Content

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O sweet content !
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexéd ?
O punishment !
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexéd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

THOMAS DEKKER *and* ANONYMOUS

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

T. DEKKER (?)

15.—A Lullaby

Weep you no more, sad fountains;

What need you flow so fast?

Look how the snowy mountains

Heaven's sun doth gently waste.

But my sun's heavenly eyes,

View not your weeping,

That now lies sleeping,

Softly, now softly lies

Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,

A rest that peace begets;

Doth not the sun rise smiling

When fair at even he sets?

Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes,

Melt not in weeping,

While she lies sleeping,

Softly, now softly lies

Sleeping.

ANONYMOUS

BEN JONSON

16.—To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee !

B. JONSON

17.—Hymn to Diana

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

BEN JONSON *and* THOMAS HEYWOOD

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

B. JONSON

18.—Song : Pack, Clouds, Away

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good-morrow ;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow !
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow ;
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow !

T. HEYWOOD

19.—Cherry-Ripe

There is a garden in her face
 Where roses and white lilies blow;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
 There cherries grow that none may buy,
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 —Till Cherry-ripe themselves do cry!

ANONYMOUS

20.—Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
 The bridal of the earth and sky,—
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

GEORGE HERBERT *and* JOHN MILTON

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

G. HERBERT

21.—A Song

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

J. MILTON

22.—Song of a Wood-Spirit. (*From Arcades*)

O'er the smooth enamell'd green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing
And touch the warbled string:
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof,
Follow me;
I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

J. MILTON

ROBERT HERRICK

23.—To Daffodils

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay, as you ;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

R. HERRICK

24.—Blossoms

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.
What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

ROBERT HERRICK *and* EDMUND WALLER

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile,—they glide
Into the grave.

R. HERRICK

25.—Cherry-Ripe

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones! Come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, There
Where my Julia's lips do smile;—
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

R. HERRICK

26.—Go, lovely Rose!

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

WALLER, LOVELACE *and* ROCHESTER

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

E. WALLER

27.—Going to the Wars

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

R. LOVELACE

28.—Constancy

I cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain, that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
A surer way I'll try,
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on and die.

LORD ROCHESTER

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall,
That welcome hour, that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break in vain.

LORD ROCHESTER

29.—Absent from Thee

Absent from thee, I languish still!
Then ask me not when I return:
The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

When, wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and honour flow,
May I contented there expire!

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest—
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven—
And lose my everlasting rest!

LORD ROCHESTER

30.—Phyllis

Phyllis is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please:
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phyllis, smiling
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix;
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her with her tricks,
Which though I see,
I can't get free:
She deceiving,
I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?

SIR C. SEDLEY

31.—A Song

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
When Cloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

MATTHEW PRIOR *and* JOHN GAY

Fair Cloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I sung and gazed; I play'd and trembled;
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

M. PRIOR

32.—Black-Eyed Susan

I

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
"O! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

2

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

3

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And droops at once into her nest:—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

4

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

JOHN GAY *and* ALEXANDER POPE

5

"Believe not what the landsmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

6

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

7

"Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

8

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

J. GAY

33.—The Quiet Life

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

ALEXANDER POPE *and* HENRY CAREY

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

A. POPE

34.—Sally in our Alley

I

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

2

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:

HENRY CAREY

But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

3

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

4

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

5

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

6

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:

HENRY CAREY *and* JAMES THOMSON

I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

7

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally,—
O then we'll wed, and happy be...
But not in our alley!

H. CAREY

35.—Rule, Britannia

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

JAMES THOMSON

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine!

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair:—
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

J. THOMSON

36.—To Her I Love

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free, at pleasure, roam
And sometimes share thy lover's woe,
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

O! if thou hoverest round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee:

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O, visit thou my soothing dream!

J. THOMSON

ROBERT GRAHAM OF GARTMORE

-If Doughty Deeds my Lady Please

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow,
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

R. GRAHAM OF GARTMORE

THOMAS CHATTERTON

38.—Roundelay

O sing unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holy-day,
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his locks as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briar'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll gird the briars
Round his holy corse to grow,
Elfin Faëry, light your fires;
Here my body still shall bow.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
 Drain my heart's blood away;
 Life and all its good I scorn,
 Dance by night or feast by day.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

T. CHATTERTON

39.—The Haymaker's Roundelay

Drifted snow no more is seen,
 Blust'ring Winter passes by;
 Merry Spring comes clad in green,
 While woodlands pour their melody:
 I hear him! hark!
 The merry lark
 Calls us to the new-mown hay,
 Piping to our roundelay.

When the golden sun appears
 On the mountain's surly brow,
 When his jolly beams he rears,
 Darting joy, behold them now:
 Then, then, oh hark!
 The merry lark
 Calls us to the new-mown hay,
 Piping to our roundelay.

What are honours? What's a court?
 Calm Content is worth them all;
 Our honour is to drive the cart,
 Our brightest court the harvest-hall!
 But now—oh hark!
 The merry lark
 Calls us to the new-mown hay,
 Piping to our roundelay.

ANONYMOUS

40.—Lament for Flodden

I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and grey;
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking;
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

J. ELLIOT

ROBERT BURNS

41.—Lament for Culloden

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas!"
And aye the saut tear blin's her ee:
"Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see:
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."

R. BURNS

42.—Song

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melody
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

ROBERT BURNS

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

R. BURNS

43.—Ye Banks and Braes

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fausse Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luve;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fausse luvver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

R. BURNS

ROBERT BURNS

44.—To a Mountain Daisy

On turning one down with the plough, in April, 1786

Wee modest crimson-tipp'd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no' thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the 'share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

R. BURNS

LADY NAIRN *and* CHARLES DIBDIN

5.—The Land o' the Leal

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is ay fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
O we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' ee', Jean,
My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal!
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and ay be fain
In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRN

—Tom Bowling

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN *and* WILLIAM BLAKE

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

C. DIBDIN

47.—Laughing Song

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread;
Come live and be happy and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

W. BLAKE

WILLIAM BLAKE *and* SIR WALTER SCOTT

48.—The Fly

Little fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death,—

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live
Or if I die.

W. BLAKE

49.—Pibroch of Donuil Dhu

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward, each man, set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

SIR W. SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT

50.—A Hunting Song

Waken, lords and ladies gay:
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they.
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay:
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thickets green;
Now we come to chant our lay:
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay;
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay”:
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

SIR W. SCOTT

51.—Soldier, Rest!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more:
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow;
 Ruder sounds shall none be near;
 Guards nor warders challenge here,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans, or squadron's stamping.

SIR W. SCOTT

52.—The Skylark

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
 Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

J. Hogg

53.—Billy and Me

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thickest and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG *and* WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Where the hazel-bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

J. HOGG

54.—A Rainbow.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father to the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

W. WORDSWORTH

55.—Daffodils

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. WORDSWORTH

56.—Lines Written in Early Spring

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion that they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

W. WORDSWORTH

57.—The Reverie of Poor Susan

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail;
And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes!

W. WORDSWORTH

THOMAS CAMPBELL

58.—Ye Mariners of England

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL

59.—To the Evening Star

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse:
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

T. CAMPBELL

THOMAS MOORE

60.—The Light of Other Days

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

T. MOORE

61.—The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone!

T. MOOR

62.—A Sea Song

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast
 And fills the white and rustling sail
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While like the eagle free
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM *and* B. W. PROCTER

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM

63.—A Song of the Sea

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love—O! *how* I love—to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

B. W. PROCTER *and* LORD BYRON

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

B. W. PROCTER

64.—A Song

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like Thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chains o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

65.—Hymn of Pan

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the-myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
SPEEDED by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvens, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven, and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth—
And then I changed my pipings,
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

P. B. SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

66.—Song

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the belovéd's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. SHELLEY

67.—To Night

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 "Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
 "No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovéd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

P. B. SHELLEY

68.—Hymn to the Spirit of Nature *from* Prometheus Unbound

Life of life! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles, before they dwindle,
 Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those locks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.
Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Through the veil which seems to hide them
As the radiant lines of morning
 Through thin clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.
Fair are others: none beholds Thee;
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendour;
And all feel, yet see thee never,—
As I feel now, lost for ever!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

P. B. SHELLEY

69.—Invocation

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;—
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;—
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
 And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms—
 Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee;
But above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come!
Make once more my heart thy home!

P. B. SHELLEY

70.—The Bells

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

3

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

EDGAR ALLAN POE

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour,
Now, now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

4

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone,
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls;
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls
 A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells;
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells
In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
 Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

E. A. Poe

71.—Green Fields of England

Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England, won at last.

A. H. CLOUGH

72.—A Farewell

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things—not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song.

C. KINGSLEY

73.—The Sands of Dee

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee”;
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

C. KINGSLEY *and* H. W. LONGFELLOW

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.
"Oh! is it weed or fish or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownéd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.
They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

C. KINGSLEY

74.—The Rainy Day

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

ROBERT BROWNING

75.—Home-Thoughts, from Abroad

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

R. BROWNING

76.—Boot and Saddle

A Cavalier Song

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my Castle, before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey;
(*Chor.*) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
(*Chor.*) *'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'*"

ROBERT BROWNING *and* LORD TENNYSON

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows, ere this, by my fay,
(*Chor.*) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs, when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?"
(*Chor.*) "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*"

R. BROWNING

77.—Pippa's Song *from* Pippa Passes

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

R. BROWNING

78.—Three Songs *from* The Princess

(1) *Slumber Song*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

LORD TENNYSON

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

LORD TENNYSON

(2) *The Days that are no more*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

LORD TENNYSON

LORD TENNYSON

(3) *Blow, Bugle, Blow*

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON

79.—A Spirit Haunts the Year's Last Hours

I

A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

LORD TENNYSON

II

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
 An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

LORD TENNYSON

80.—Ring Out, Wild Bells!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

LORD TENNYSON *and* JAMES THOMSON

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON

81.—In a Railway Train

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, Dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet!

J. THOMSON

82.—On the River

Could we float thus ever,
Floating down a river,
Down a tranquil river, and you alone with me:
Past broad shining meadows,
Past the great wood-shadows,
Past fair farms and hamlets, for ever to the sea!

Through the golden noonlight,
Through the silver moonlight,
Through the tender gloaming, gliding calm and free;
From the sunset gliding,
Into morning sliding,
With the tranquil river for ever to the sea.

Past the masses hoary
Of cities great in story,
Past their towers and temples drifting lone and free:
Gliding, never hasting,
Gliding, never resting,
Ever with the river that glideth to the sea.

With a swifter motion
Out upon the Ocean,
Heaven above and round us, and you alone with me;
Heaven around and o'er us,
The Infinite before us,
Floating on for ever upon the flowing sea.

J. THOMSON

83.—Winter

Winter reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

WALSHAM HOW *and* CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all Nature, rising, break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading spring.

W. WALSHAM HOW

84.—Uphill

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you waiting at the door.
Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

C. G. ROSSETTI

85.—What the Bullet Sang

O Joy of creation
To be!
O rapture to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!
I shall know him where he stands,
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;
I shall know him by his face,
By his god-like front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!
It is he—O my love!
So bold!
It is I—All thy love
Foretold!
It is I, O love! what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweetheart! What is this
Lieth there so cold?

B. HARTE

86.—When Runnels Began to Leap and Sing

I

When runnels began to leap and sing,
 And daffodil sheaths to blow,
 Then out of the thicket came blue-eyed Spring,
 And laughed at the melting snow.
 "It is time, old Winter, you went," she said,
 And flitted across the plain,
 With an iris scarf around her head,
 And diamonded with rain.

2

When the hawthorn put off her bridal veil,
 And the nightingale's nocturn died,
 Then Summer came forth with her milking-pail,
 And hunted the Spring, and cried,
 "It is time you went; you have had your share,"
 And she carolled a love-song sweet,
 With eglantine ravelled about her hair,
 And butter-cup dust on her feet.

3

When the pears swelled juicy, the apples sweet,
 And thatched was the new-ricked hay,
 And August was bronzing the stripling wheat,
 Then Summer besought to stay.
 But Autumn came from the red-roofed farm,
 And "'Tis time that you went," replied,
 With an amber sheaf on her nut-brown arm
 And her sickle athwart her side.

4

When the farmer railed at the hireling slut,
 And fingered his fatted beeves,
 And Autumn groped for the last stray nut
 In the drift of her littered leaves,
 "It is time you went from the lifeless land,"
 Bawled Winter, then whistled weird,
 With a log for his hearth in his chilblained hand,
 And sleet in his grizzled beard.

A. AUSTIN

AUSTIN DOBSON

87.—A Song of the Four Seasons

I

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,—
And my Love's eyes.

2

When comes the Summer
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey
That no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses,—
And my Love's lips.

3

When Autumn scatters
The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
The broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest
Where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers,—
And my Love's voice.

4

But when comes Winter
With hail and storm,
And red fire roaring
And ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting,—
And my Love's heart.

A. DOBSON

88.—April

April, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter;
 Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears!
 April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
 If I tell thee, sweetest,
 All my hopes and fears,
 April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
 But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears!

W. WATSON

89.—Going Down Hill on a Bicycle

With lifted feet, hands still,
 I am poised, and down the hill
 Dart, with heedful mind;
 The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
 Till the heart with a mighty lift
 Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:—
 “O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

“Is this, is this your joy?
 O bird, then I, though a boy,
 For a golden moment share
 Your feathery life in air!”

Say, heart, is there aught like this
 In a world that is full of bliss?
 ’Tis more than skating, bound
 Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the pedals fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

H. C. BEECHING

90.—Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

R. KIPLING

91.—Loss and Gain

I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the countryside adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold! the East grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!
'Twas Summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies;
But whilst for these I pined, my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept, I found a newer friend,
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this earth exchanged
For Heaven.

E. T. FOWLER

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

92.—The Cricket Ball Sings

Leather—the heart o' me, leather—the rind o' me,
O but the soul of me's other than that!
Else, should I thrill as I do so exultingly
Climbing the air from the thick o' the bat?
Leather—the heart o' me: ay, but in verity
Kindred I claim with the sun in the sky.
Heroes, bow all to the little red ball,
And bow to my brother ball blazing on high.

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine;
Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun,
Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine,
Brother of mine,
Brother of mine!

We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate,
I but a little ball, thou but a Great!

Give me the bowler whose fingers embracing me
Tingle and throb with the joy of the game,
One who can laugh at a smack to the boundary,
Single of purpose and steady of aim.
That is the man for me: striving in sympathy,
Ours is a fellowship sure to prevail.
Willow must fall in the end to the ball—
See, like a tiger I leap for the bail.

Give me the fieldsman whose eyes never stray from me,
Eager to clutch me, a roebuck in pace:
Perish the unalert, perish the "buttery"
Perish the laggard I strip in the race.
Grand is the ecstasy soaring triumphantly,
Holding the gaze of the meadow is grand,
Grandest of all to the soul of the ball
Is the finishing grip of the honest brown hand.

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS *and* ADA SMITH

Give me the batsman who squanders his force on me,
Crowding the strength of his soul in a stroke;
Perish the muff and the little tin Shrewsbury,
Meanly contented to potter and poke.
He who would pleasure me, he must do doughtily,—
Bruises and buffetings stir me like wine.
Giants, come all, do your worst with the ball,
Sooner or later you're mine, sirs, you're mine.

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine;
Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun,
Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine,
Brother of mine,
Brother of mine!
We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate:
I but a little ball, thou but a Great.

E. V. LUCAS

93.—In City Streets

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,
Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;
Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,
And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet.

Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,
(Ah! the springy moss upon a northern moor!)
Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and byways,
Homeless in the City, poor among the poor!

London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting
'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!
London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—
God! For the little brooks that tumble as they run!

ADA SMITH *and* KATE BROWN

Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,
Soughing through the fir-tops up on northern fells!
Oh, my eye's an ache to see the brown burns flowing
Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather-bells.

A. SMITH

94.—April

A breath, a sigh—and March is fled;
A dying cry—bleak March is dead;
A ling'ring smile, a glitt'ring tear,
A song the while,—April is here!
A sunny gleam, a smiling sky,
A happy dream soon gliding by,
A trembling glance, a falling tear,
A spring-time dance,—April is here!

K. BROWN

PART II

THE SONNET

“With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch’s wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camões soothed with it an exile’s grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains.”

I. ITS ORIGIN AND NORMAL STRUCTURE

THE birthplace of the sonnet has never been certainly determined, some critics assigning the honour to Sicily and others, not a few, to Provence. All are agreed, however, that the sonnet, substantially *as we know it*, is first met with in Italy, during the latter half of the thirteenth century, when it emerges in a definite form subsequently used and perfected by poets so great as Petrarch, Dante and Michelangelo. It derives its name from the Italian *sonnetto*, a little sound or strain, and was originally a short poem sung or recited to a “little strain” of music. It has no longer any musical accompaniment, but remains as a short poem having as a distinctive characteristic, and in an unusual degree, that unity which we have already remarked as inseparably associated with the lyric, for the essence of the sonnet is that it must

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maintain *one*, and only one, leading thought throughout its length.

To give such a thought adequate but not superfluous expression, a stanza of fourteen iambic pentameters would seem to have been proved most effective and satisfactory, as this is the invariable form in which the sonnet occurs. At the point rhythmically best suited for it, namely at the end of the eighth line, there is a well-marked pause which in the strictest form of the sonnet is accompanied by a more or less distinct *volta* or "turn" in the thought. The fourteen lines of the sonnet are, therefore, distributed into two groups—a major system of eight lines and a minor system of six, technically known, respectively, as the *octave* and the *sestet*, of which the former is capable of subdivision into two *quatrains* or sets of four lines, and the latter into two *tercets* or groups of three lines. In the true Classical or Italian form the main pause between octave and sestet is always strictly observed and generally marked by a period or some other strong stop. ✓

Each of the groups has its own system of rhymes, the number of the rhyme-sounds in the octave of the Petrarchan sonnet being restricted to two, arranged either alternately throughout, or so that the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyme on one sound, and the remaining lines on another, the latter arrangement being the more common: in the rhyme-system of the sestet considerable variation is admissible, either two or three rhymes being allowed, and these being arranged in a great variety of ways. The most popular type of sestet and that which apparently most satisfied Petrarch, whom we must always regard as the ultimate standard of reference in matters relating to the Classical form of the sonnet, admits three rhymes arranged successively in two separate tercets, an arrangement which besides being most musical, has the advantage of the tercetal pause, of which the sonneteer may or may not make use at will.

This, the normal form of the sonnet, is variously known as the Italian, Classical, or Petrarchan type, and in English it has had many imitators of whom the most notable is Milton. Its complete structural scheme is shown in tabular form at the end of this introduction and examples of it may be found in Nos. 111 and 120.

THE SONNET

Of this type there have been many variations—generally in the number and arrangement of the rhymes; but with the exception of the so-called “English” type and an interesting variety of this, practised by Spenser, most of these may be regarded as developments of, rather than departures from, the original form.

II. THE SONNET IN ENGLAND

The first printed examples of the sonnet in English appeared in Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557, and were composed by the Earl of Surrey who shares with his friend Wyatt the distinction of having introduced this poetical form into England from Italy. Surrey, who, because of the subsequent history of the sonnet in our literature, is to the student of sonnet-structure perhaps the more interesting figure of the two, made several attempts to naturalise the Italian form of the sonnet in English, ultimately coming to the conclusion that the foreign form was unsuited to his native tongue and adopting a form which has since come to be known as the “English Sonnet.” Into it Surrey introduced seven rhyme-sounds, admitting four into the octave and three others into the sestet. He arranged the whole as three successive elegiac quatrains, clinched by a final couplet. In his hands, therefore, not only the original rhyming scheme, but also the essential division into octave and sestet was discarded, though, of course, for convenience we can make an arbitrary division between the second and third quatrains, a division in some cases not altogether unmarked in Surrey's sonnets. This arrangement, represented symbolically in the table below, and adopted with considerable skill by Drayton, reached its high-water mark as an established sonnet-form when Shakespeare employed it in the most magnificent cycle of sonnets which the literature of England—if not, indeed, that of the world—has produced.

Not the least worthy of English sonneteers is Spenser, who is interesting because of the peculiar mould into which he cast his sonnet, a form which, whilst preserving the quatrain and couplet arrangement of the “English” type, of which it is really a variety, may be regarded as an attempt at compromise between the Classical and English forms, since the number of rhymes was reduced from the seven admitted by Surrey to five only—a feat

THE SONNET

which was accomplished by the binding or interweaving of the quatrains in the following manner :

a b a b | b c b c | c d c d | e e.

The position of Milton in the history of the sonnet is one of great interest and importance, for not only did he enlarge the scope of the sonnet as regards its subject-matter, so that in his hands it ceased to be merely a poem of love¹, but attracted by the rhythmical beauty of the Petrarchan form, he proved, what Surrey had failed to do, that the Italian mode could be successfully transplanted into English. In all his English sonnets he adheres strictly to the Classical form of octave, whilst as regards sestet, in 14 out of the 18 examples he follows one or other of the three regular Italian arrangements tabulated at the end of this introduction ; so that he may be cited as the great English master of the Italian form.

A curious misconception regarding the disposition of the main pause in Milton's sonnets has gained some currency and it may be well to correct here what seems to be an erroneous idea. It has been stated that Milton "did not regard as essential or appropriate the break in the melody between octave and sestet" and that in his opinion "the English sonnet should be like a revolving sphere...with no break in the continuity of thought or expression anywhere." If this means, as it seems to mean, that he did not observe the pause and "turn," the statement does not seem to be borne out by the facts, for the distinction between octave and sestet in Milton's sonnets is *always* made by the rhymes in the Italian manner ; and as regards thought, in nine out of his eighteen English sonnets the pause, accompanied by the "turn," falls at the end of the eighth line, in six it occurs just before or after that point, breaking either the eighth or the ninth line, while in the remaining three cases only once is it removed from the normal position by more than a line. The *volta* is always present, but this slight licence is taken as to its exact position.

Of the history of the sonnet subsequent to Milton this is not the place to speak. Suffice it to notice a rather curious gap in sonnet history, extending over a period of some one hundred years or more—from Milton to William Lisle Bowles,

¹ In this he was, to some extent, anticipated by Drummond.

THE SONNET

during which few sonnets of any kind and hardly one of note can be found. While Bowles's poems have undeniable tunefulness and grace, the true reviver of the sonnet in England, after this long interval, is Wordsworth who is undoubtedly one of our finest and most prolific sonneteers, and who, like other poets of his time, though perhaps mainly following the Italian model, introduced a great many irregularities into his sonnets, both in octave and sestet—sometimes, indeed, ignoring this division altogether. Frequently the sonnet was used as a vehicle for natural description and even for narrative, purposes for which, especially in its continuous and unbroken form, it was admirably adapted, when the writer possessed sufficient genius to compress a picture into the limited compass of fourteen lines. Wordsworth's *Upon Westminster Bridge* (No. 108) and Sir Aubrey de Vere's *Rock of Cashel* (No. 112) are excellent examples of the sonnet of description.

THE SONNET

TABLE OF SONNET-FORMS

ARRANGED COMPARATIVELY

(The letters stand for rhyme-sounds)

| I | II |
|--|---|
| Normal, Classical, Italian, or Petrarchan Type | The "English" Type |
| | (i) Surrey-Shake- speare Variety (ii) Spenserian Variety |
| Octave { Quatrain { a b b a Quatrain { a b b a | Quatrain { a b a b Quatrain { c d c d Quatrain { c f e f Quatrain { a b a b Quatrain { b c b c |
| Pause and <i>Volta</i> | |
| Sestet { Tercet { c { c { c d { d { d e { c { e or or Tercet { c { d { d d { c { c e { d { e | Final Couplet { e f g f Final Couplet { e g g |
| Three commonest sestets in descending order of popularity reading from left to right | 3 Unlinked Quatrains + Couplet 3 Linked Quatrains + Couplet |

SONNETS

95.—Spring

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale:
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale;
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes float with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

H. HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

96.—"One day I wrote her name"

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves and washéd it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
"Vain man!" said she, "that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipéd out likewise."
"Not so," quoth I; "let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,—
Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

E. SPENSER

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

97.—To His Love

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

W. SHAKESPEARE

98.—Absence

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

W. SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

99.—“To me, fair friend, you never can be old”

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
—Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

W. SHAKESPEARE

100.—True Love

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:—
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom:—
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. SHAKESPEARE

101.—When the Assault was Intended to the City

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Æmathan conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

J. MILTON

102.—To the Lord General, Cromwell

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crown'd Fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and His work pursu'd;
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbru'd,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath: yet much remains
 To conquer still; Peace hath her victories,
 No less renown'd than War; new foes arise,
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

J. MILTON

JOHN MILTON

103.—On his Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;—
"Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

J. MILTON

104.—On the Late Massacre in Piedmont

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubl'd to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sow
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

J. MILTON

THOMAS GRAY *and* WILLIAM L. BOWLES

105.—On the Death of Mr Richard West

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

T. GRAY

106.—The Bells of Ostend

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when at opening dawn the fragrant breeze
Touches the trembling sense of pale disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel.
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams in life's fair prime
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.

W. L. BOWLES

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

107.—Sonnet on the Sonnet

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells;
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground,
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty
Should find short solace there, as I have found.

W. WORDSWORTH

108.—Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air:

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

W. WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

109.—Fair Star of Evening

Fair Star of Evening, Splendour of the West,
Star of my country! On the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom: yet well pleased to rest
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou I think
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, it is England; there it lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory! I with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

W. WORDSWORTH

110.—"The World is too much with us"

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

W. WORDSWORTH

LORD BYRON *and* SIR AUBREY DE VERE

III.—The Castle of Chillon

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art;
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wing on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON

III.—The Rock of Cashel

Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days,
When the sun's parting glance, through slanting showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and towers
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's
Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless aisles
A melancholy moral, such as sinks
On the lone traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persopolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

JOHN WILSON *and* JOHN KEATS

113.—An Evening Cloud

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the Lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

J. WILSON

114.—On First Looking into Chapman's "Homer"

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS

115.—The Human Seasons

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 There are four seasons in the mind of Man :
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furleth close ; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook :

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

J. KEATS

116.—The Grasshopper and the Cricket

The poetry of earth is never dead :
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never ;
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from our stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

J. KEATS

117.—Night and Death

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
 Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

J. B. WHITE

118.—Sonnet written in a Workhouse

Oh, blessed ease! no more of Heaven I ask:
 The overseer is gone—that vandal elf—
 And hemp, unpicked, may go and hang itself,
 And I, untasked, except with Cowper's "Task,"
 In blessed literary leisure bask
 And lose the work-house, saving in the works
 Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Sheridans, and Burkes;
 Eat prose and drink of the Castalian flask;
 The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spence,
 The humorous of Gay, the grave of Blair—
 Unlearnéd toil, unlettered labours hence!
 But hark! I hear the master on the stair
 And Thomson's Castle, that of Indolence,
 Must be to me a castle in the air.

T. Hood

LEIGH HUNT *and* HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

119.—The Grasshopper and the Cricket

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass:

Oh! sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

L. HUNT

120.—The Sound of the Sea

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide,
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep—
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.

So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

H. W. LONGFELLOW *and* E. B. BROWNING

121.—My Cathedral

Like two cathedral towers those stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement carpeted with leaves
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! Listen ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

122.—Love's Reason

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
"I love her for her smile...her look...her way
Of speaking gently,...for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Belovéd, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

E. B. BROWNING

DANTE G. ROSSETTI *and* MATTHEW ARNOLD

123.—The Sonnet

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—

Memorial from the Soul's eternity

To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,

Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,

Of its own arduous fulness reverent:

Carve it in ivory or in ebony,

As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see

Its flowering crest imperaled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals

The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due;

Whether for tribute to the august appeals

Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,

It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,

In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

D. G. ROSSETTI

124.—Shakespeare

Others abide our question—Thou art free!

We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,

Out-topping knowledge! For the loftiest hill

Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,

Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,

Spares but the cloudy border of his base

To the foil'd searching of Mortality:

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,

Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,

Didst walk on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,

All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,

Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

M. ARNOLD

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

125.—Natura Maligna

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold
Followed my feet with azure eyes of prey;
By glacier-brink she stood—by cataract-spray—
When mists were dire, or avalanche-echoes rolled.
At night she glimmered in the death-wind cold,
And if a footprint shone at break of day,
My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say:
“’Tis hers whose hand God’s mightier hand doth hold.”

I trod her snow-bridge, for the moon was bright,
Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse,
When lo, she stood!....God made her let me pass,
Then felled the bridge!....Oh, there in fallow light,
There down the chasm, I saw her cruel, white,
And all my wondrous days as in a glass.

T. WATTS-DUNTON

126.—Natura Benigna

What power is this? what witchery wins my feet
To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,
All silent as the emerald gulfs below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most sweet—
What answering pulse that all the senses know,
Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow
Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet?

Mother, ’tis I reborn: I know thee well:
That throb I know and all its prophecies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes.

T. WATTS-DUNTON

PART III

THE ODE

“Son style impétueux souvent marche au hasard :
Chez elle, un beau désordre est un effet de l'art.”

BOILEAU

To the Ancients the ode was simply a poem written to be sung to music—the original “lyric” or earliest type of song : in modern poetry the ode and the song are very different things. As the present section is confined to odes in English it will be unnecessary to refer to the ancient ode further than to notice that, as practised by Pindar, it served as a pattern to the English ode in certain of its forms mentioned below.

The modern ode, in common with all other lyrical forms except the song, is no longer intended to be sung, or to be in any way accompanied by music. It is a dignified, serene, and sometimes majestic lyric, not acutely personal in its note, and dealing with one sustained, and exalted, or loftily meditative theme of general import. It is customary to divide all modern odes into two classes :

(1) *Regular Odes*, which observe some definite, structural scheme in their stanzaic arrangement; and

(2) *Irregular Odes*, which follow no such apparent metrical plan.

I. Of these two groups the *Regular Ode* may be further divided into:

(a) the *Anglo-Pindaric Ode* which imitates the symmetrical structure of the Ancient Regular Pindaric Ode, described in

THE ODE

the Note to Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, the only example of the species included in this volume; and

(b) those which consist of a uniform series of regular stanzas, the form in which, with few exceptions, our greatest English odes have been written, and of which Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*, Shelley's *To a Skylark*, and Keats' *On a Grecian Urn* are examples.

II. The *Irregular Ode* is written in stanzas, irregular in length and arrangement, though generally rhymed. In the body of these, abrupt changes of metre and versification occur, short lines, singly or in groups, being suddenly interpolated among longer ones, and vice versa. Before Pindar's regular metrical scheme was understood, the poets believed, erroneously, that in using this irregular odic form they were following the Pindaric model; and it is not surprising that in failing to understand Pindar's scheme they should have failed also, for the most part, to appreciate its melody and purpose, and, in consequence, to produce anything but poetry of a very mediocre quality. For the abrupt variations in metre and cadence should be neither arbitrary nor meaningless, but "the outward and visible signs" of corresponding variations in feeling or in thought. When the poet is writing under the direct influence of an inspiration which for the time being entirely controls his expression, this may follow naturally; but when, as is more frequently the case in odic composition, the irregular metre is the result of the more deliberate application of art, the poem will be excellent, at any rate as regards form, in proportion to the genius displayed in adapting the metre to the theme. As an example of such genius and skill, Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* is perhaps unrivalled, and from it I quote two short passages in illustration:

- (a) "He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes."

JOHN MILTON

- (b) "Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!"

The quiet sadness of the former passage, intensified by the effective repetition of the word *fallen*, is in striking contrast to the harsh, strident vigour of the more irregular and rapid metre of the lines in (b). The form of both passages is obviously in keeping with and suggested by the different kinds of emotion excited in Alexander by the music of Timotheus.

During the study of the odes in this volume it will prove a useful and interesting exercise to try to account for any metrical variations of this kind which may occur.

ODES

127.—At a Solemn Music

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds; and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturb'd song of pure concert,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms,
Singing everlastingly:

JOHN MILTON *and* JOHN DRYDEN

That we on Earth, with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise,
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

J. MILTON

128.—Alexander's Feast; or The Power of Music

I

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair!

2

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.

JOHN DRYDEN

The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

4

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

JOHN DRYDEN

And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole
And tears began to flow.

5

'The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!
—The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,

JOHN DRYDEN

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length with love and wine at once oppress
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

6

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy!

7

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute

JOHN DRYDEN *and* WILLIAM COLLINS

And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down!

J. DRYDEN

129.—The Passions

I

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

2

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

WILLIAM COLLINS

3

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

4

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

5

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

6

And longer had she sung:—but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down;
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic souls so full of woe!
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

7

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd:
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

8

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

9

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green:
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

10

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address:
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
 Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best:

WILLIAM COLLINS

They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
Amidst the festal-sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

II

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native, simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page;—
'Tis said—and I believe the tale—
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound:—
O bid our vain endeavour cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

W. COLLINS

WILLIAM COLLINS

130.—To Evening

I

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

2

O nymph reserved,—while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed;

3

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

4

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

5

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
 As musing slow I hail
 Thy genial, loved return!

6

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

7

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

WILLIAM COLLINS

8

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

9

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

10

And hamlets brown, and dim discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

11

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

12

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

13

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

W. COLLINS

131.—Ode to the Departed Brave

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

W. COLLINS

132.—The Progress of Poesy

A Pindaric Ode

I

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

THOMAS GRAY

2

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

3

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay:
With arms sublime that float upon the air
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

4

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

THOMAS GRAY

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

5

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

6

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rins ths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

THOMAS GRAY

7

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

8

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy
The secrets of the Abyss to spy:
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

9

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
O! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate:
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

T. GRAY

133.—Ode to Duty

I

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free;
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

2

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 O! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast.

3

Serene will be our days, and bright
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

4

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

5

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

6

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

7

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

W. WORDSWORTH

134.—Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

2

The Rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose;
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know,
 Where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

3

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong:
 The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

4

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

5

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

6

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

7

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

8

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

9

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings,

Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,

High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither;

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

10

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young Lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We, in thought, will join your throng,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death;

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

II

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquished one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway:

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day

Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,

Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. WORDSWORTH

135.—To a Skylark

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

W. WORDSWORTH

136.—To a Skylark

I

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

2

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

3

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are bright'ning
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

4

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

5

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

6

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-flow'd.

7

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence show'rs a rain of melody.

8

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

9

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

10

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

11

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

12

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

13

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

14

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

15

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

16

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

17

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

18

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

19

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

20

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

21

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

P. B. SHELLEY

137.—Ode to the West Wind

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, Oh, hear!

2

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, ev'n from the
Of the horizon to the zenith's height

H.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear!

3

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baïæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

4

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

5

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd Earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind!
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

P. B. SHELLEY

138.—To Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

JOHN KEATS

Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricketts sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. KEATS

139.—On a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? what maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

JOHN KEATS

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

J. KEATS

140.—To a Nightingale

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

2

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stain'd mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

JOHN KEATS

4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

6

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

JOHN KEATS

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

J. KEATS

141.—Melancholy

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;

JOHN KEATS *and* WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globéd peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

J. KEATS

142.—To a Water-fowl

I

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

2

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

3

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

4

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

7

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. BRYANT

143.—Ode to the North-East Wind

Welcome, wild North-easter !
 Shame it is to see
 Odes to every zephyr ;
 Ne'er a verse to thee.
 Welcome, black North-easter !
 O'er the German foam ;
 O'er the Danish moorlands,
 From thy frozen home.
 Tired we are of summer,
 Tired of gaudy glare,
 Showers soft and steaming,
 Hot and breathless air ;
 Tired of listless dreaming,
 Through the lazy day :
 Jovial wind of winter,
 Turn us out to play !
 Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
 Crisp the lazy dyke ;
 Hunger into madness
 Every plunging pike.
 Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
 Fill the marsh with snipe ;
 While on dreary moorlands
 Lonely curlew pipe.
 Through the black fir-forest
 Thunder harsh and dry,
 Shattering down the snow-flakes
 Off the curdled sky.
 Hark ! The brave North-easter !
 Breast-high lies the scent,
 On by holt and headland,
 Over heath and bent.
 Chime, ye dappled darlings,
 Through the sleet and snow !
 Who can over-ride you ?
 Let the horses go !

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

C. KINGSLEY

MATTHEW ARNOLD

144.—Philomela

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?
Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame?
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!

M. ARNOLD

145.—March: an Ode

I

Ere frost-flower and snow-blossom faded and fell, and the
splendour of winter had passed out of sight,
The ways of the woodlands were fairer and stranger than
dreams that fulfil us in sleep with delight;
The breath of the mouths of the winds had hardened on
tree-tops and branches that glittered and swayed
Such wonders and glories of blossom-like snow or of frost
that outlightens all flowers till it fade
That the sea was not lovelier than here was the land, nor
the night than the day, nor the day than the night,
Nor the winter sublimer with storm than the spring: such
mirth had the madness and might in thee made,
March, master of winds, bright minstrel and marshal of
storms that enkindle the season they smite.

2

And now that the rage of thy rapture is satiate with revel
and ravin and spoil of the snow,
And thy branches it brightened are broken, and shattered
the tree-tops that only thy wrath could lay low,
How should not thy lovers rejoice in thee, leader and lord
of the year that exults to be born
So strong in thy strength and so glad of thy gladness whose
laughter puts winter and sorrow to scorn?
Thou hast shaken the snows from thy wings, and the frost
on thy forehead is molten: thy lips are aglow
As a lover's that kindle with kissing, and earth, with her
raiment and tresses yet wasted and torn,
Takes breath as she smiles in the grasp of thy passion to
feel through her spirit the sense of thee flow.

3

Fain, fain would we see but again for an hour what the
wind and the sun have dispelled and consumed,
Those full deep swan-soft feathers of snow with whose
luminous burden the branches implumed

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Hung heavily, curved as a half-bent bow, and fledged not
as birds are, but petalled as flowers,
Each tree-top and branchlet a pinnacle jewelled and carved,
or a fountain that shines as it showers,
But fixed as a fountain is fixed not, and wrought not to
last till by time or by tempest entombed,
As a pinnacle carven and gilded of men: for the date of its
doom is no more than an hour's,
One hour of the sun's when the warm wind wakes him to
wither the snow-flowers that froze as they bloomed.

4

As the sunshine quenches the snowshine; as April subdues
thee, and yields up his kingdom to May;
So time overcomes the regret that is born of delight as it
passes in passion away,
And leaves but a dream for desire to rejoice in or mourn
for with tears or thanksgivings; but thou,
Bright god that art gone from us, maddest and gladdest of
months, to what goal hast thou gone from us now?
For somewhere surely the storm of thy laughter that lightens,
the beat of thy wings that play,
Must flame as a fire through the world, and the heavens
that we know not rejoice in thee: surely thy brow
Hath lost not its radiance of empire, thy spirit the joy that
impelled it on quest as for prey.

5

Are thy feet on the ways of the limitless waters, thy wings
on the winds of the waste north sea?
Are the fires of the false north dawn over heavens where
summer is stormful and strong like thee
Now bright in the sight of thine eyes? are the bastions of
icebergs assailed by the blast of thy breath?
Is it March with the wild north world when April is waning?
the word that the changed year saith,

Is it echoed to northward with rapture of passion reiterate
 from spirits triumphant as we
 Whose hearts were uplift at the blast of thy clarions as men's
 rearisen from a sleep that was death
 And kindled to life that was one with the world's and with
 thine? hast thou set not the whole world free?

6

For the breath of thy lips is freedom, and freedom's the
 sense of thy spirit, the sound of thy song,
 Glad god of the north-east wind, whose heart is as high as
 the hands of thy kingdom are strong,
 Thy kingdom whose empire is terror and joy, twin-featured
 and fruitful of births divine,
 Days lit with the flame of the lamps of the flowers, and
 nights that are drunken with dew for wine,
 And sleep, not for joy of the stars that deepen and quicken,
 a denser and fierier throng,
 And the world that thy breath bade whiten and tremble
 rejoices at heart as they strengthen and shine,
 And earth gives thanks for the glory bequeathed her, and
 knows of thy reign that it wrought not wrong.

7

Thy spirit is quenched not, albeit we behold not thy face
 in the crown of the steep sky's arch,
 And the bold first buds of the whin wax golden, and witness
 arise of the thorn and the larch:
 Wild April, enkindled to laughter and storm by the kiss of
 the wildest of winds that blow,
 Calls loud on his brother for witness; his hands that were
 laden with blossom are sprinkled with snow,
 And his lips breathe winter, and laugh, and relent; and the
 live woods feel not the frost's flame parch;
 For the flame of the spring that consumes not but quickens
 is felt at the heart of the forest aglow,
 And the sparks that enkindled and fed it were strewn from
 the hands of the gods of the winds of March.

A. C. SWINBURNE

PART IV

THE IDYLL

"I heard her turn the page; she found a small
Sweet Idyl."

TENNYSON

I. DEFINITION AND CHARACTERISTICS

THE English idyll bears no distinctive, outward, structural marks by which it may be identified: it may be written in the form of prose or as poetry, lyrical, narrative, or even dramatic. Nevertheless it stands apart as a well-defined and separate literary form, depending for its classification not upon any uniform metrical scheme, but upon its content. In seeking to determine its characteristics, therefore, we must look directly at the subject-matter and at the mode of its treatment.

The word "idyll" (Greek *eidullion*) means literally "a little picture," a fact which furnishes two important particulars in any definition or description of the form: (1) the idyll is generally short¹; (2) it must be a picture. This means in the first place that the idyllist must choose, and fix boundaries to, his subject, so that it may be complete in itself and sufficiently compact to be comprehended within the range of a single glance or view. It means in the second place that the element most largely present in the idyll is *description*, for, in terms of words, a "picture" can mean nothing else. So that while many—perhaps we ought to say most—idylls are in varying degrees narrative in form, the story as a rule is slight and serves mainly as a setting to the groups of forms in the picture or as a unifying link between the separate elements in the description.

Further, it ought to be pointed out that the idyll is a *picture* and not a mere sketch, and that, simple and direct in their style as our finest idylls are, they are nevertheless highly wrought, and delicately finished in their workmanship.

¹ If lengthy, an idyll so-called will be found, as a rule, to consist of a unified series of "pictures," each of which is in the strictest sense, an idyll in itself.

THE IDYLL

Bearing in mind, then, that the idyll is primarily a picture and that the best picture is that in which things are represented not as they really are, but as the artist sees them, we are led to ask whether or not any restrictions are imposed upon the nature and treatment of the subject of the idyll. Strictly speaking there are none: the word means simply "a little picture" without any qualification as to its contents, and Theocritus, who was practically the inventor of the form, used the idyll indifferently for descriptions of both rural and city life, for mythological legends, and even for recounting his own experiences. Modern critics would, however, probably impose at least one limitation. Few would admit that the mere history, the bare, uncompromising realism of Crabbe is idyllic, while none would deny the title to poetry like Tennyson's *Dora*. Both are descriptive, but while the descriptions in the former are severely objective in every detail, those in the latter are modified and transmuted imaginatively by the poet—an indispensable condition of all truly idyllic poetry or prose. It does not follow that the subject of an idyll will necessarily be beautiful—although in the majority of cases this is so, for the idyll is peculiarly well-fitted for the portrayal of beautiful forms—but it must be treated imaginatively and be raised by the poet above every suspicion of the commonplace.

Another feature, common to those idylls admitted as such by universal consent, is the simple type of life employed in the composition of the picture: the loves and manners of the unspoiled village, the life of the fields, the romance and pathos of the simple fishing town, the pleasures and struggles of the humbler dwellers in the city—these are the subjects commonly beloved of the idyllist.

This simplicity of subject is accompanied by a corresponding simplicity of style. Graceful and artistic as the latter may be, it nevertheless gives one the impression of the utmost directness and simplicity. To illustrate the possibility of such a combination it is only necessary to turn to the words of Ruth in the Old Testament, as she assures Naomi of her constancy:—

"Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

THE IDYLL

No language could be simpler and more straightforward, and yet the passage with its balanced rhythm and dramatic repetition is elaborately rhetorical. And this instance is by no means singular. Graceful and finished simplicity of diction, therefore, we must count as a characteristic of the English idyll, as it was, indeed, of the Greek.

An idyll, then, is a short imaginatively treated picture in words, simply but finely wrought, and often, though not necessarily, narrative in form, of any simple type of life in its natural and fitting surroundings, descriptions of the latter usually occupying a large part of the composition.

II. THE PASTORAL IDYLL

A special variety of idyll is the pastoral. As its name (Latin *pastor* = a shepherd) indicates, it was originally concerned with the description of shepherd life and rural scenery. Like so many of our poetical forms it emanated from the Greeks, when, at a rather late stage in their literary history, it took shape among the people of that race settled in Sicily. The name of Theocritus is closely associated with its origin, for though there had been pastoral poetry before, he first gave it a standing as a separate literary form. No country other than Sicily could have inspired this type of idyll so well: it was a shepherds' paradise with its grassy hills sloping into deep green valleys which opened to the white beaches and blue waters of the Mediterranean. Here was the shepherd-life in its ideal state, and though Theocritus wrote in Alexandria, the memories of his boyhood spent among the singing shepherds on the Sicilian hills—the vigour of youth, the buoyancy, the verdant freshness, the sunshine, the simple, elemental life came back to him in his exile and found expression in the poetry which they inspired. How greatly Theocritus favoured this variety of poetry may be judged from the fact that fully half of his idylls which remain to us are pastoral in their form.

Afterwards the pastoral reappeared in Latin literature, and was, to a certain extent, popularised by Virgil in his *Eclogues*, which are, so far as externals are concerned, close imitations of Theocritus, and which, with the personal and other adaptations

THE IDYLL

introduced into them by Virgil, served as models to the later pastoral idyll.

Like many other forms of art which had their origin in Greece and Rome, this variety of poetry found its way into England at the time of the Renascence, and flourished there during the brilliant century following the accession of Elizabeth, gathering round the famous names of Spenser, Sidney, Greene, Drayton, and Jonson, and making its influence felt in almost every department of contemporary literature—in poetry and prose alike. Thus—to illustrate merely from the present volume—it makes its appearance in Spenser's *Dido Dead*, Marlowe's *The Shepherd to his Love*, and Shakespeare's *Who is Sylvia?* representing respectively elegy, idyll, and song. But melodious and truly fine as much of this pastoral poetry was, it contained within itself the cause of its decay. England was not Sicily; and the shepherd-life, real among the Greeks, in England tended to become a mere convention: the shepherds were simply the poet and his friends in disguise; the shepherdesses their lovers; and under these convenient masks much might be said that could never have been said openly. In course of time this artificiality outgrew what was best in the pastoral, and though the latter was revived splendidly by Milton (e.g. *L'Allegro* and *Lycidas*) and daintily by Herrick (e.g. *Corinna*) the form gradually fell into desuetude. Though differing from it widely in some respects, the modern rural idyll may be regarded as its descendant.

III. TENNYSON'S IDYLLS

The present volume is, of course, concerned only with *lyrical* idylls—a restriction which has compelled me, most reluctantly, to exclude Tennyson's perfect idyll *Dora*. This omission has to some extent been compensated for by the inclusion of *Mariana* and *The Lady of Shalott*, though the presence of the latter poem amongst the idylls may require some explanation. If so, the close resemblance borne by its subject-matter to that of the poems entitled by Tennyson "*The Idylls of the King*" must serve as the justification of its presence in this section. Tennyson's use of this title is peculiar

NICHOLAS BRETON

but can be vindicated if the poems be regarded as series of "little pictures" in the composition of which description and scenery bulk largely; whilst the type of life portrayed—the chivalrous life of the Arthurian legend—is reduced to elemental simplicity by the sheer distance of time through which we observe it. For similar reasons *The Lady of Shalott* has been assigned a place among the idylls in this volume, whilst its claims as a lyric do not need to be mentioned.

IDYLLS

146.—Country Life

Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad,
Who upon a fair green baulk
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise?
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing;
Or before the hounds in cry
See the hare go stealing by;
Or, along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessed sunny day;
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all;
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box;
After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow
Till he gets into his burrow;
Then the bee to gather honey;
And the little black-haired coney

10

20

NICHOLAS BRETON *and* ROBERT GREENE

On a bank for sunny place
With her forefeet wash her face:
Are not these, with thousands moe
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's delights? 30
But with all this happiness
To behold that shepherdess
To whose eyes all shepherds yield
All the fairest of the field;
Fair Aglaia, in whose face
Lives the shepherd's highest grace;
For whose sake I say and swear,
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place 40
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad!

N. BRETON

147.—The Shepherd and his Wife

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad green leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phoebus in could pry,
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and folds of sheep; 10
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay,
And, for you might her huswife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young; his coat was green,
With welts of white seam'd between,

ROBERT GREENE

Turnéd over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap;
Skirtés side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee; 10
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Servéd for a bonnet oft
To shroud him from the wet aloft;
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whig
By the shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by
There the shepherd's dog did lie, 30
Who, while his master gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain;
For though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay,
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderliest swain of all. 40
'Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life;
Fair she was as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blythe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous like a summer's queen;
For her cheeks were ruddy-hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight. 50
A liefer lass than this had been
Coridon had never seen;
Nor was Phyllis, that fair may,
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,

R. GREENE *and* C. MARLOWE

Long and large, as straight as bent;
Her middle was both small and gent;
A neck as white as whalés-bone,
Compass'd with a lace of stone.
Fine she was and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she
Was not more in Thessaly.

60

R. GREENE

148.—The Shepherd to his Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield!

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love!

C. MARLOWE *and* M. DRAYTON

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love!

C. MARLOWE

1.—The Poets' Paradise

I

A Paradise on earth is found,
Though far from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That it Elizium hight.

2

Where, in delights that never fade,
The Muses lulléd be,
And sit at pleasure in the shade
Of many a stately tree,

3

Which no rough tempest makes to reel,
Nor their straight bodies bows;
Their lofty tops do never feel
The weight of winter's snows.

4

In groves that evermore are green
No falling leaf is there,
But Philomel (of birds the queen)
In music spends the year.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

5

The merle upon her myrtle perch
There to the mavis sings,
Who from the top of some curl'd birch
Those notes redoubled rings.

6

There daisies damask every place,
Nor once their beauties lose,
That when proud Phœbus hides his face,
Themselves they scorn to close.

7

The pansy and the violet here,
As seeming to descend
Both from one root, a very pair,
For sweetness yet contend.

8

The winter here a summer is,
No waste is made by time,
Nor doth the autumn ever miss
The blossoms of the prime:

9

The flower that July forth doth bring
In April here is seen;
The primrose, that puts on the spring,
In July decks each green.

10

Oft spreading vines climb up the cliffs,
Whose ripen'd clusters there
Their liquid purple drop, which drives
A vintage through the year:

11

Those cliffs whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits,
Which make continual summer glad,
Ev'n bending with their fruits,

MICHAEL DRAYTON

12

Some ripening, ready some to fall,
Some blossom'd, some to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich princely room.

13

Pomegranates, lemons, citrons, so
Their laded branches bow,
Their leaves in number that outgo
No room will them allow.

14

There in perpetual summer's shade
Apollo's prophets sit
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flourish like their wit.

15

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious quires
Make short the longest day.

16

The poets' Paradise this is,
To which but few can come,
The Muses' only bower of bliss,
Their dear Elizium.

M. DRAYTON

JOHN MILTON

150.—L'Allegro

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

10

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying—
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

20

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathéd Smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;

30

JOHN MILTON

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight:
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures; 70
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

JOHN MILTON

Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks;
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite;
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the livelong daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said;
 And he, by Friar's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend, 110
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

JOHN MILTON

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learn'd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out; 140
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice. 150

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

J. MILTON

151.—Thoughts in a Garden

I

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verg'd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.

2

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

3

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas ! they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

4

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race :
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow :
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

5

What wondrous life is this I lead !
 Ripe apples drop about my head ;
 The luscious clusters of the vine
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
 The nectarine and curious peach
 Into my hands themselves do reach ;
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

6

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
 Withdraws into its happiness ;
 The mind, that ocean where each kind
 Does straight its own resemblance find ;
 Yet it creates, transcending these,
 Far other worlds, and other seas ;
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.

7

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside
 My soul into the boughs does glide ;
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets and claps its silver wings,
 And, till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

8

Such was that happy Garden-state
 While man there walk'd without a mate ;
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet !
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there :
 Two paradises 'twere in one,
 To live in Paradise alone.

ANDREW MARVELL

9

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers ?

A. MARVELL

152.—The Emigrants in the Bermudas

*Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the Ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song :—*

“What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage :
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;

A. MARVELL *and* COUNTESS WINCHILSEA

But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay!"

*Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.*

A. MARVELL

153.—A Nocturnal Reverie

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings;
Or from some tree, framed for the owl's delight,
She, holloing clear, directs the wanderer right,—
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heavens' mysterious face,
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen; 10
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence spring the woodbine and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;

COUNTESS WINCHILSEA

Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
 Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes,
 Where scattered glow-worms,—but in twilight fine,—
 Shew trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine;
 While Salisbury stands the test of every light,
 In perfect charms and perfect beauty bright; 20
 When odours, which declined repelling day,
 Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
 When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
 And falling waters we distinctly hear;
 When through the gloom more venerable shews
 Some ancient fabric awful in repose;
 While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
 And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale;
 When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
 Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads, 30
 Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
 Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
 When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
 And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
 When curlews cry beneath the village-walls,
 And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
 Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
 Which but endures whilst tyrant Man doth sleep;
 When a sedate content the spirit feels,
 And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals; 40
 But silent musings urge the mind to seek
 Something too high for syllables to speak;
 Till the free soul to a compos'dness charmed,
 Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
 O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
 Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:—
 In such a night let me abroad remain,
 Till morning breaks and all's confused again;
 Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
 Our pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued. 50

COUNTESS WINCHILSEA

JOHN DYER

154.—Grongar Hill

Silent Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse,
Now while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song;
Draw the landskip bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistoes shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

10

20

30

40

JOHN DYER

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landskip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

50

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love,
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

60

70

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;

80

JOHN DYER

While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,—
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day, 90
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought; 100
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower; 110
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem; 120
So we mistake the future's face,

JOHN DYER

Eyed thro' Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul;
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

130

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with musick fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

140

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

150

J. DYER

WILLIAM SHENSTONE

155.—The Home Prepared

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow,
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O, how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

W. SHENSTONE

SAMUEL ROGERS *and* W. WORDSWORTH

156.—A Wish

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter near her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church beneath the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

S. ROGERS

157.—Lines written in March

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

W. WORDSWORTH

158.—The Solitary Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:

W. WORDSWORTH *and* S. T. COLERIDGE

Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending:
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending:
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH

159.—Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.
But oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. COLERIDGE

THOMAS HOOD *and* CHARLES KINGSLEY

160.—Ruth

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean.
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

T. Hood

161.—The Three Fishers

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

C. KINGSLEY *and* H. W. LONGFELLOW

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

C. KINGSLEY

162.—The Village Blacksmith

I

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

2

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

3

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low:

4

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

5

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice:

6

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

163.—“A Small Sweet Idyl”

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
 But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down
 And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
 Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
 Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
 With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
 But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
 To find him in the valley; let the wild
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air:
 So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales

LORD TENNYSON

Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

LORD TENNYSON

164.—Mariana

"Mariana in the moated grange."

Measure for Measure

I

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

2

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

LORD TENNYSON

3

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

4

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

5

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

LORD TENNYSON

She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

6

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

7

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping towards his western bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

LORD TENNYSON

LORD TENNYSON

165.—The Lady of Shalott

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

LORD TENNYSON

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls
And the red cloaks of market-girls
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

LORD TENNYSON

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves

Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:

And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

LORD TENNYSON

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me!" cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

LORD TENNYSON

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

LORD TENNYSON

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

166.—A June Day *from* The Vision of Sir Launfal

What is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest;—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop over-fills it,

We are happy now because God wills it;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps and the blossoms swell;

We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

J. R. LOWELL

167.—The Forsaken Merman

Come, dear children, let us away;
 Down and away below!
 Now my brothers call from the bay,
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt tides seaward flow;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away!
 This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
 Call once yet!
 In a voice that she will know:
 "Margaret! Margaret!"
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear;
 Children's voices, wild with pain—
 Surely she will come again!
 Call her once and come away;
 This way, this way!
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay!
 The wild white horses foam and fret."
 Margaret! Margaret!

10

20

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay? 30
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground; 40
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me, 50
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD

I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves; 60
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still, 70
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But ah, she gave me never a look, 80
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy! 90
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children ;
Come children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows coldly ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.

We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.
 Singing: "There dwells a loved one, 140
 But cruel is she!
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea."

M. ARNOLD

168.—My Study

I

Let others strive for wealth or praise
 Who care to win;
 I count myself full blest, if He,
 Who made my study fair to see,
 Grant me but length of quiet days
 To muse therein.

2

Its walls, with peach and cherry clad,
 From yonder wold
 Unbosomed, seem as if thereon
 September sunbeams ever shone;
 They make the air look warm and glad
 When winds are cold.

3

Around its door a clematis
 Her arms doth tie;
 Through leafy lattices I view
 Its endless corridors of blue
 Curtained with clouds; its ceiling is
 The marbled sky.

ALFRED HAYES

4

A verdant carpet smoothly laid
Doth oft invite
My silent steps; thereon the sun
With silver thread of dew hath spun
Devices rare—the warp of shade,
The weft of light.

5

Here dwell my chosen books, whose leaves
With healing breath
The ache of discontent assuage,
And speak from each illumined page
The patience that my soul reprieves
From inward death;

6

Some perish with a season's wind,
And some endure;
One robes itself in snow, and one
In raiment of the rising sun
Bordered with gold;—in all I find
God's signature.

7

As on my grassy couch I lie,
From hedge and tree
Musicians pipe; or if the heat
Subdue the birds, one crooneth sweet
Whose labour is a lullaby,—
The slumbrous bee.

8

The sun my work doth overlook
With searching light;
The serious moon, the flickering star,
My midnight lamp and candle are;
A soul unhardened is the book
Wherein I write.

9

There labouring, my heart is eased
 Of every care;
 Yet often wonderstruck I stand
 With earnest gaze but idle hand,
 Abashed—for God Himself is pleased
 To labour there.

10

Ashamed my faultful task to spell,
 I watch how grows
 The Master's perfect colour-scheme
 Of sunset, or His simpler dream
 Of moonlight, or that miracle
 We name a rose.

11

There, in the lap of pure content
 I still would keep
 The Sabbath of a soul at rest;
 Nor could I wish a close more blest
 Than there, when life's bright day is spent,
 To fall asleep.

A. HAYES

169.—My Will

I

I would live, if I had my will,
 In an old stone grange on a Yorkshire hill;
 Ivy-encircled, lichen-streaked,
 Low and mullioned, gable-peaked,
 With a velvet lawn, and a hedge of yew,
 An apple orchard to saunter through,
 Hyacinth-scented in spring's clear prime,
 And rich with roses in summer-time,
 And a waft of heather over the hill,
 Had I my will.

2

Over my tree-tops, grave and brown,
Slants the back of a breezy down;
Through my fields, by the covert edge,
A swift stream splashes from ledge to ledge
On to the hamlet, scattered, gray,
Where folk live leisurely day by day;
The same old faces about my walks;
Smiling welcomes and simple talks;
Innocent stories of Jack and Jill;
Had I my will.

3

How my thrushes should pipe ere noon,
Young birds learning the old birds' tune;
Casements wide, when the eve is fair,
To drink the scents of the moonlit air.
Over the valley I'd see the lights
Of the lone hill-farms, on the upland heights;
And hear when the night is alert with rain,
The steady pulse of the labouring train,
With the measured gush of the merry rill,
Had I my will.

4

Then in the winter, when gusts pipe thin,
By a clear fire would I sit within,
Warm and dry in the ingle nook,
Reading at ease in a good grave book;
Under the lamp, as I sideways bend,
I'd scan the face of my well-loved friend;
Writing my verses with careless speed,
One at least would be pleased to read;
Thus sweet leisure my days should fill,
Had I my will.

ARTHUR C. BENSON

5

Then when the last guest steps to my side;
—May it be summer, the windows wide,—
I would smile as the parson prayed,
Smile to think I was once afraid;
Death should beckon me, take my hand,
Smile at the door of the silent land,
Then the slumber, how good to sleep
Under the grass where the shadows creep,
Where the headstones slant on the wind-swept hill!
I shall have my will!

A. C. BENSON

PART V

THE ELEGY

"In mourning weeds sad Elegy appears,
Her hair dishevell'd, and her eyes in tears:
Her theme, the lover's joys, but more his pains,
By turns she sings, soothes, threatens, and complains."

BOILEAU (Translation)

THE elegy is a poetic type once distinguishable by its form but no longer so, the ground of classification having shifted from one of form to one mainly of subject-matter. This change in the conception of elegy makes it difficult to arrive at a satisfactory definition of the species, and the best we can hope to do here is to state what the term "elegy" used to mean and what it means now.

In Greek literature, where the word is first met with, it is used so as to include war-poems, marching-songs, political verses, sententious poetry, love-songs, and lamentations for the dead,—in short, poetry dealing with a widely varying range of subjects both grave and gay, the only restriction being, apparently, that it must be written in the *elegiac* measure, a distich composed of a dactylic hexameter in combination with a dactylic pentameter.

Very much more limited is the use of the word in modern times, when Elegy has come to mean a mournful or plaintive poem, most often in the form of a lament for the dead, and, even when dealing with subjects other than death, such as, for example, unrequited love, *always serious or melancholy in tone*, by

THE ELEGY

reason of the poet's yearning for what is no longer present. Other pieces of a reflective nature, which do not entirely comply with this definition are sometimes loosely termed "elegiac" in quality, but they are not true elegies and find no place among the poems in the present section.

A glance at the latter will show that *structurally* the elegy has no distinctive marks in English : numerous metres have been successfully employed ; but it is clear that, since elegy is most often an expression of plaintive tenderness or of grief, the simplest metres, or at least those in which the framework is least in evidence, generally meet with the greatest success. Thus, for example, the irregular metre of Milton's *Lycidas* (No. 172) while it enchants the ear with its music does not readily disclose the source of this charm, and leaves the mind free to attend to the sentiment of the poem. On the other hand, though the sonnet has not infrequently been used for elegy, its obtrusive metrical system makes it, for the most part, unsuitable for this purpose, since the constraint put upon the poet by its form calls into question the sincerity of his expression.

On the whole the metre which seems best adapted for giving the sense of smoothness, quiet ease, and refinement, fitting to elegy is the simple quatrain of iambic lines in alternate rhyme, used by Gray in his *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* (No. 175). This stanza is commonly known as the "Elegiac Quatrain" and, if the distinction be accorded to any single metre, may be regarded as the most representative English form.

In addition to those qualities which distinguish the elegy as an independent lyrical species, the following points are worthy of notice :—

(1) The best elegies, though written, as a rule, when the sense of loss was keen and recent, do not affect the feelings violently, but by their tenderness and delicacy of thought induce a form of melancholy at once artistic and not unpleasing.

(2) The poet in his elegy often recalls the places and incidents associated with the dead, whose memory he celebrates ; as, for example, in Arnold's *A Southern Night* (No. 184) or in Cowper's lines on his mother's picture (No. 176).

(3) In many cases there is, usually towards the end of the poem, a transition from sadness to joy as the writer's faith in

THE BIBLE

a future life triumphs over his sorrow and sense of loss. In *Lycidas*, for example, the change occurs at the lines beginning :—

“Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,”

while in Spenser's *Dido Dead* (No. 171) it is equally well marked in the stanza beginning :—

“But maugre death, and dreaded Sisters' deadly spight.”

This change frequently corresponds with the beginning of the third and final stage which we noted in the General Introduction when dealing with the structure of the Lyric.

ELEGIES

170.—The Lamentation of David over Jonathan and Saul

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places :

How are the mighty fallen !

Tell it not in Gath,

Publish it not in the streets of Askelon ;

Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,

Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,

Neither let there be rain among you,

Nor fields of offerings :

For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,

The shield of Saul,

As though he had not been anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain,

From the fat of the mighty,

The bow of Jonathan turned not back,

And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely in their lives,

And in their death they were not divided.

They were swifter than eagles,

They were stronger than lions,

THE BIBLE *and* EDMUND SPENSER

Ye daughters of Israel,
Weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet with other delights,
Who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen

In the midst of battle!

O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan :

Very pleasant hast thou been unto me :

Thy love to me was wonderful,

Passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen

And the weapons of war perished!

THE BIBLE ; 2 Samuel i. 19—27

171.—Dido Dead *from the* November of The Shep-
heard's Calender

I

Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefulst Muse of nyne,

Such cause of mourning never hadst afore ;

Up, grieslie ghostes! and up my rufull ryme!

Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more ;

For dead she is, that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,

Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.

O heavie herse!

Let streaming teares be pouréd out in store ;

O carefull verse!

2

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,

Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke ;

Waile we the wight whose presence was our pryde ;

Waile we the wight whose absence is our carke ;

The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke :

EDMUND SPENSER

The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.
O heavie herse!
Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke;
O carefull verse!

3

Why do we longer live, (ah! why live we so long?
Whose better dayes death hath shut up in woe?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made you in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
O heavie herse!
Now is time to dye: nay, time was long ygoe:
O carefull verse!

4

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale;
Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,
It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavie herse!
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile;
O carefull verse!

5

O thou great shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy griefe!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-ringes, and gilt Rosmaree?
For she deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
One bitter blast blew all away.
O heavie herse!
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree;
O carefull verse!

EDMUND SPENSER

6

Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall stroke,
 That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;
 The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
 The fouds do gaspe, for dryéd is theyr sourse,
 And fouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce:
 The mantled medowes mourne,
 Theyr sondry colours tourne,
 O heavie herse!
 The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;
 O carefull verse!

7

But maugre death, and dreaded Sisters deadly spight,
 And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
 Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.
 Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
 O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament;
 Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
 O happy herse!
 Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse;
 O joyfull verse!

8

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
 As if some evill were to her betight?
 She raignes a goddess now emong the saintes,
 That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,
 And is enstalléd nowe in heavens hight.
 I see thee, blessed soule, I see
 Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.
 O happy herse!
 Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
 O joyfull verse!

Dido is gone afore ; (whose turne shall be the next ?)

There lives she with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drinks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,

And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.

The honor now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poore shepherds pryde,

While here on earth she did abyde.

O happy herse !

Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is ;

O joyfull verse !

E. SPENSER

172.—Lycidas

"In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637."

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,

And with forc'd fingers rude

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear

Compels me to disturb your season due ;

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,

Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

He must not float upon his wat'ry bier

Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,

Without the meed of some melodious tear.

10

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well

That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :

So may some gentle Muse

JOHN MILTON

With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
 And, as he passes, turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning, bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel. 20
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
 And all their echoes, mourn:
 The willows and the hazel copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays:
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 —Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50
 Closed o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizzard stream:
 Ay me, I fondly dream—

JOHN MILTON

Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
 Whom universal Nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind),
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorréd shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies; 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect they meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea; 90
 He ask'd the waves and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beakéd promontory:
 They knew not of his story;

JOHN MILTON

And sage Hippotades their answer brings;
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

100

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe:
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go.
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!"

110

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs
And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd wood-bine,

120

130

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, 140
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 —Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead, 150
 Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed;
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song 160
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense; and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills, 170
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay:
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

J. MILTON

173.—On the Death of Mr William Hervey

I

It was a dismal and a fearful night,—
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling light,
 When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possess.
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate.
 What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know!

2

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
 Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
 O, thou hast left me all alone!
 Thy soul and body, when death's agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
 Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

3

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
 Have ye not seen us, walking every day?
 Was there a tree about, which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?
 Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade,
 Or your sad branches thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine,
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

4

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave;
So high that all the virtues there did come
As to the chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low that for me too it made a room.

5

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought;
Nor did more learning e'er crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue;
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

6

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retired, and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

7

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

A. COWLEY

ALEXANDER POPE

174.—Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

10

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blessed abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

20

From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

30

What can atone, oh ever-injured shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?

ALEXANDER POPE

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed; 40
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned !
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face ?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb? 50
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot; 60
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !
Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou beloved no more! 70

A. POPE

THOMAS GRAY

175.—Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

I

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

3

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

THOMAS GRAY

7

Of't did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

9

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

12

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

13

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

THOMAS GRAY

14

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

17

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind;

18

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

20

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

THOMAS GRAY

21

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

25

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

26

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies would he rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

28

"One morn I miss'd him from the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29

"The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the Church-way Path we saw him borne,—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,—
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

T. GRAY

176.—On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes

WILLIAM COWPER

(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same. 10

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she. 20

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss?
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss?
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, "Yes."
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew 30
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed;
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,
By disappointment every day beguiled, 40
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;

WILLIAM COWPER

And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightest know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so, to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though unnoticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

WILLIAM COWPER

Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle, 90
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since has anchored at thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, 100
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—
 Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tost,
 Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 But oh, the thought that thou art safe and he!
 —That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise— 110
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine:
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic shew of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft— 120
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

W. COWPER

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

177.—“She dwelt among the untrodden ways”

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A Violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me.

W. WORDSWORTH

178.—“Loud is the Vale”

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one evening, after a stormy day, the author having just read in a newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

Loud is the vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone;
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!

Loud is the vale;—this inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load!
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the mighty pass away
What is it more than this,

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

W. WORDSWORTH

179.—Elegiac Stanzas

Suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, painted by
Sir George Beaumont.

I

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

2

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked thy Image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

3

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

4

Ah! *then*, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream;

5

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

6

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

7

Such in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

8

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

9

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

10

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the
Friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH *and* CHARLES LAMB

11

O 'tis a passionate Work—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

12

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves,

13

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

14

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

W. WORDSWORTH

180.—Hester

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
 With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
 And her, together.

HARLES LAMB *and* LORD BYRON

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
 That flush'd her spirit.
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
 She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
 —Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind:
 —Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
 Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
 A sweet forewarning?

C. LAMB

Elegy on Thyrsa

I

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And forms so soft and charms so rare
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

LORD BYRON

2

I will not ask where thou liest low
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

3

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou
Who didst not change through all the past
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

4

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away
I might have watch'd through long decay.

5

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd
The leaves must drop away.

LORD BYRON

And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

6

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

7

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed
To think I was not near, to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed:
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

8

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years.

LORD BYRON

WALTER S. LANDOR *and* LORD TENNYSON

182.—To the Sister of Elia

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile !
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears,
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

W. S. LANDOR

183.—“ Break, break, break ! ”

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

LORD TENNYSON *and* MATTHEW ARNOLD

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON

184.—A Southern Night

1

The sandy spits, the shore-lock'd lakes,
Melt into open, moonlit sea;
The soft Mediterranean breaks
At my feet, free.

2

Dotting the fields of corn and vine,
Like ghosts, the huge, gnarl'd olives stand.
Behind, that lovely mountain-line!
While, by the strand,

3

Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright
Far in the bay.

4

Ah! such a night, so soft, so lone,
So moonlit, saw me once of yore
Wander, unquiet, and my own
Vext heart deplore.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

5

But now that trouble is forgot;
Thy memory, thy pain, to-night,
My brother! and thine early lot,
Possess me quite.

6

The murmur of this Midland deep
Is heard to-night around thy grave,
There, where Gibraltar's cannon'd steep
O'erfrowns the wave.

7

For there, with bodily anguish keen,
With Indian heats at last fordone,
With public toil and private teen—
Thou sank'st, alone.

8

Slow to a stop, at morning grey,
I see the smoke-crown'd vessel come;
Slow round her paddles dies away
The seething foam.

9

A boat is lower'd from her side;
Ah, gently place him on the bench!
That spirit—if all have not yet died—
A breath might quench.

10

Is this the eye, the footstep fast,
The mien of youth we used to see,
Poor, gallant boy!—for such thou wast,
Still art, to me.

11

The limbs their wonted tasks refuse;
The eyes are glazed, thou canst not speak;
And whiter than thy white burnous
That wasted cheek!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

12

Enough! The boat with quiet shock,
Unto its haven coming nigh,
Touches, and on Gibraltar's rock
Lands thee to die.

13

Ah me! Gibraltar's strand is far,
But farther yet across the brine
Thy dear wife's ashes buried are,
Remote from thine.

14

For there, where morning's sacred fount
Its golden rain on earth confers,
The snowy Himalayan Mount
O'ershadows hers.

15

Strange irony of fate, alas,
Which, for two jaded English, saves,
When from their dusty life they pass,
Such peaceful graves!

16

In cities should we English lie,
Where cries are rising ever new,
And men's incessant stream goes by—
We who pursue

17

Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops, with care-fill'd breast
The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,

18

And see all sights from Pole to Pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

19

Not by those hoary Indian hills,
Not by this gracious Midland sea
Whose floor to-night sweet moonshine fills,
Should our graves be.

20

Some sage, to whom the world was dead,
And men were specks, and life a play;
Who made the roots of trees his bed,
And once a day

21

With staff and gourd his way did bend
To villages and homes of men,
For food to keep him till he end
His mortal span

22

And the pure goal of being reach;
Hoar-headed, wrinkled, clad in white,
Without companion, without speech,
By day and night

23

Pondering God's mysteries untold,
And tranquil as the glacier-snows,
He by those Indian mountains old
Might well repose.

24

Some grey crusading knight austere,
Who bore Saint Louis company,
And came home hurt to death, and here
Landed to die;

25

Some youthful troubadour, whose tongue
Fill'd Europe once with his love-pain,
Who here outworn had sunk, and sung
His dying strain;

MATTHEW ARNOLD

26

Some girl who here from castle-bower,
With furtive step and cheek of flame,
'Twixt myrtle hedges all in flower
By moonlight came

27

To meet her pirate-lover's ship;
And from the wave-kiss'd marble stair
Beckon'd him on, with quivering lip
And floating hair;

28

And lived some moons in happy trance,
Then learnt his death and pined away—
Such by these waters of romance
'Twas meet to lay.

29

But you—a grave for knight or sage,
Romantic, solitary, still,
O spent ones of a work-day age!
Befits you ill.

30

So sang I; but the midnight breeze,
Down to the brimm'd, moon-charm'd main,
Comes softly through the olive trees,
And checks my strain.

31

I think of her, whose gentle tongue
All plaint in her own cause controll'd;
Of thee I think, my brother! young
In heart, high-soul'd—

32

That comely face, that cluster'd brow,
That cordial hand, that bearing free,
I see them still, I see them now,
Shall always see!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

33

And what but gentleness untired,
And what but noble feeling warm,
Wherever shown, howe'er inspired,
Is grace, is charm?

34

What else is all these waters are,
What else is steep'd in lucid sheen,
What else is bright, what else is fair,
What else serene?

35

Mild o'er her grave, ye mountains, shine!
Gently by his, ye waters glide!
To that in you which is divine
They were allied.

M. ARNOLD

NOTES

I. THE SONG-LYRIC

No. 1. This is the earliest English song of which a manuscript exists, and it dates from the thirteenth century. The tune to which it was sung has also been recorded and both words and tune are products of a degree of skill which must have been rather uncommon at the time when the song was composed. The *motive* of the poem is, of course, the singing of the cuckoo and the last two lines form the "third part" of the lyric. (See "The Structure of the Lyric" in the Introduction.)

Verteth = turns to the woods.

No. 2. *Stokkes*: stocks were kept by the Lord of Misrule at Christmas parties, for the punishment of those who did not join in the pleasures of the time.

No. 4. The short lines and musical metre suggest the light-hearted dance which probably accompanied the song, which is taken from Thomas Morley's *First Book of Ballets* (1595). Compare this poem with No. 3.

No. 5. From Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Blows his nail = blows his finger-nails to keep them warm; *keel* = keep cool by stirring; *crabs* = crab-apples.

No. 6. From Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Nos. 7 and 11. It is interesting to gather from these songs particulars of the habits and powers generally attributed to fairies in Shakespeare's day. From *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* especially, much information can be gleaned on these points.

No. 8. A madrigal is an elaborate vocal composition written for several voices, sometimes five or six. Note that the second poem contains many examples of contrast—a figure of speech technically known as antithesis. Find other examples in the book.

No. 9. *Mary-buds* = marigolds. From Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.

No. 10. From Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. If analysed as regards structure, each stanza of this song will be found a complete lyric, the two stanzas being unified by their common subject, ingratitude.

No. 11. *The burthen bear* = sing the refrain.

No. 15. From Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Aires*. Many such song-books were published during Elizabethan times and serve as mines to the collector of songs. Notice carefully the smooth and even flow of the rhythm, a feature of all the good slumber-songs in the language.

No. 16. Observe in the last four lines the courtly and ingenious exaggeration, common to the love-poems of the period.

NOTES

No. 18. In what other way might this poem have been arranged in lines? What is the effect of the short rhyming lines?

Nos. 21, 22. Milton has left us few songs, and beautiful as these two numbers are, his genius was, of course, greater in epic than in lyric.

No. 23. This most graceful lyric is structurally perfect and exquisitely dainty.

No. 27. The *motive* here is a situation, as in No. 89.

No. 32. Note the sudden change of tense in the last line. What is its effect?

No. 33 comes to us out of a time when lyrical poetry was in abeyance.

No. 37. *Frae*=from; *dight*=adorn; *skait*=harm.

No. 38. The text is from that of Mr. Watts-Dunton in Ward's *English Poets*, two stanzas being omitted.

No. 39. Many of our merriest songs are written about life in the open air and sunlight.

No. 40. Note the refrain in this elegiac lyric: it is sometimes given as a title. A description of the battle is given in Canto 6 of *Marmion*. It was fought in 1513, James IV being killed.

Lilting=singing merrily; *ilka*=every; *loaning*=a broad lane; *wede*=withered; *bughts*=sheep-pens; *dowie*=sad; *wae*=woful; *daffin'*=jesting; *gabbin'*=gossiping; *leggin'*=milk-pail; *bandsters*=those who bind sheaves; *lyart*=grizzled; *runkled*=wrinkled; *fleeching*=coaxing; *bogle*=ghost; *dool*=sorrow.

No. 41 commemorates the defeat of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" by the Duke of Cumberland.

Aye the salt tear blin's her ee=always the salt tear blinds her eye; *Drumassie*=Highland name for Culloden; *traw*=believe; *sair*=sore.

Nos. 42, 43. Notice the change which has passed over the love-song in its passage from the Elizabethan Age to Burns. State exactly its nature. Note the large number of open vowels employed in these two songs.

Ilka=every; *staw*=stole.

No. 44. *Maun*=must; *stoure*=dust; *biel'd*=shelter; *histie stibble-field*=dry stubble-field.

No. 45. This very beautiful song was written by Lady Nairn to a melody already in existence—the same to which Burns set "Scots Wha Hae."

Leal=loyal, faithful; *fain*=happy.

No. 46. Dibdin's sea-songs give him a very high place among English song-writers. They were not without influence upon our sea-faring enterprise and in recognition of this, Pitt granted the poet a pension. His total song production exceeded thirteen hundred.

Notice in this song also the preponderance of open vowels.

Nos. 47, 48. The former is from *Songs of Innocence*, the latter from *Songs of Experience*. The extreme simplicity and deep suggestiveness of *The Fly* are typical of this painter-poet, and remind us of a similar combination in Tennyson's well-known lines, *Flower in the crannied wall*.

No. 49. *Donuil Dhu*=Donald the Black, Lord of the Hebrides. Scott says the song refers to the invasion of Lochaber (1431) and the defeat of the Earls of Mar and Caithness at Inverlochy.

Notice the sense of almost breathless hurry conveyed by the metre.

Targes=small, circular shields.

NOTES

No. 51. This fine requiem-song may well be compared with Collins' Ode (No. 131).

Nos. 52, 53 illustrate the healthy, open-air character of the Ettrick Shepherd's work. I have omitted one stanza from *Billy and Me*, but this does not at all affect the continuity of the song.

Cumberless = light and free, without *encumbrance*.

Nos. 54-57. Wordsworth is gradually winning among critics and lovers of poetry that recognition as a lyricist which he so richly deserves. The seventeen of his poems which appear in this volume are inadequate to represent all the phases of his genius, and time devoted to the reading of his poetry in a selection like that made by Matthew Arnold, for example, is time well spent. Collect passages to illustrate:—

(1) his close and loving observation and enjoyment of Nature's externals, "the outward shows of sky and earth," and especially of the humbler creations (54, 55);

(2) the manner in which he stores up the memories of such sights and sounds for his refreshment in times and places when and where they are otherwise inaccessible (55);

(3) his belief in an all-pervading, spiritual Presence, immanent in all the forms of Nature and in Man;

(4) his belief in the endowment, by this Spirit, of every natural form, each flower and tree, the sea and the sky, with an independent, fully conscious life (56);

(5) his love and preference for human beings of the humble self-contained type, dwelling near to and seeming to form part of unspoiled Nature (57, 158).

Why are his lyrics unsuitable for singing, and intended to be read only?

No. 58. Notice the emphasis secured by the sudden change of the refrain in the last verse.

Nos. 60, 61. The memory of past days is a fruitful source of song. Collect other examples. *The Last Rose of Summer* is a perfect song in every way—in sentiment, form, and words. Examine it with special care as a model song. It is interesting to note that musicians concur in judging the tune also perfect.

Nos. 62, 63. Note the fresh, breezy character of these songs of the sea. Theirs is a fit theme for a British song-writer. Cunningham was a Scotch mason—a fact which makes his love and evident knowledge of the sea the more extraordinary.

Sheet = technically, the rope attached to the corner of a sail to hold it in position.

Nos. 65-69. There is probably no poet whom it is more difficult to represent by selections than Shelley. His works, like those of Wordsworth, will well repay a more extensive perusal than can be provided for here. Note the following characteristic points:—

(1) His love of the fleeting, indefinite, evanescent.

(2) The wealth, beauty, and aptness of his imagery.

(3) The generally melancholy sentiment of his poetry.

(4) The metrical and verbal melody of his verse.

The late Prof. J. A. Symonds writes, "I once asked an eminent musician...why Shelley's lyrics were ill-adapted to music. She made me read aloud to her *The Hymn of Pan* and *To the Night*. Then she pointed out how the verbal melody was intended to be self-sufficing in these lyrics...how packed

NOTES

with consonants the words are, how the tone of the emotion alters, and how no one melodic phrase could be found to fit the daedal woof of the poetic emotion."—*Essays Speculative and Suggestive*.

No. 70. This is perhaps the most wonderful onomatopoetic poem in the English tongue. It is comparable with, but I think much superior to Southey's *How the water comes down at Lodore*. Examine the verbal and metrical composition of the poem from this point of view.

No. 71. Some of our very sweetest poems embody *home thoughts from abroad*. Compare this poem of Clough's with Browning's (No. 75). In reading the latter notice the happy "inevitableness" of the three lines beginning "That's the wise thrush."

No. 73. Note carefully the effect of the artistic repetition and the onomatopoetic language in this sad little song.

No. 76. Castle Brancepeth is in County Durham.

No. 77. Pippa is an Italian factory-girl out for a day's holiday and, singing this blithe song, she "passes" certain other characters in the play at critical junctures of their lives and her song, unconsciously to her, influences their actions. It is a sad fact that there are fewer songs of faith and hope like this in English than there are of despair and melancholy.

Nos. 78-80. In Tennyson words are wrought to their highest possibilities: his songs contain within themselves all the music which they can artistically carry. It would be extremely difficult to "set" them satisfactorily to any external music.

No. 82. From "Sunday up the River" in Mr. Bertram Dobell's edition of *The Poetical Works of James Thomson* ("B.V.").

No. 83. Mark this, as a song of a special type—the sacred song or hymn.

No. 85. From the *Poetical Works of Bret Harte* (Chatto and Windus). The poem is a well-managed example of personification.

No. 86 also contains peculiarly good examples of personification. The similarity of subject and arrangement existing between this and No. 87 makes them a fitting pair for comparison.

No. 88. The subject of a song should be slight—a fact well exemplified by this delightful number, which for delicacy of sentiment and treatment ranks as one of the most charming trivial compositions of recent times.

No. 89. The stimulus here is a situation, the third part of the lyric occupying the last verse.

No. 90. Written for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, 1897. This plea for national rectitude had, undoubtedly, a strong and elevating influence on the spirit of imperialism abroad in England at the date of its composition.

Shard=shell.

No. 92. From *The Open Road*, that most delightful of travelling companions, edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas. A companion volume for town-lovers is entitled *The Friendly Town*.

No. 93. Miss Ada Smith, whose literary career was so sadly and prematurely terminated, now sleeps in the quiet churchyard of St. John Lee, in the heart of that North country which she so much loved. This gives to her song an added pathos.

NOTES

II. THE SONNET

No. 95. *Soot*=sweet; *eke*=also; *nings*=mingles.

Nos. 97-100. These four sonnets are from that long sequence of one hundred and fifty-two poems—the finest sonnet-sequence in our language.

Owest=ownest.

No. 101. "The assault was intended to the city" when, after the Battle of Edgehill (Oct. 23, 1642), Charles I advanced towards London. He occupied Brentford, but ultimately retired to Oxford. The "defenceless doors" are those of the house of Milton himself, who by the magic of his verse can give "fame for a gentle act."

Colonel is a trisyllable here.

No. 102. *Darwen stream*=a small tributary joining the Ribble near Preston where Cromwell defeated the Scottish army under Hamilton, August, 1648. Dunbar and Worcester were won in 1650 and 1651 respectively.

No. 104. In 1655, the Duke of Savoy, Emmanuel II, issued an edict compelling the Protestant Vaudois or Waldenses to choose between Roman Catholicism and exile from their homes in the Graian and Cottian Alps. Piedmontese troops massacred many who refused to obey the edict, and drove others to death from starvation in the mountain fastnesses adjoining their homes. Cromwell pressed the Duke and Louis XIV of France for a repeal of the edict and a large sum of money was raised in England for the relief of the sufferers, who in 1658 were again allowed freedom of worship without molestation.

The triple tyrant=the Pope who wore the triple crown, the symbol of the headship of the Roman Church.

No. 106. Why is the octave run-on into the sestet?

No. 107. It is interesting in studying the sonnet to notice that Wordsworth had no objection to, but rather welcomed, the artistic bonds of the sonnet-form: it is equally interesting to note that in his arrangement both of the sestet and the octave of many of his sonnets he did not suffer himself to be bound by any strict rule as to the disposition of the rhymes or pauses. Of Wordsworth as an English sonnet-writer the late Prof. W. Sharp had a very high opinion—"At his very best he is *the* greatest," says this learned critic of sonnet literature.

No. 111. Bonnivard, a Genevan patriot was imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva, by the Duke of Savoy. He was ultimately released, but not until years of pacing to and fro had left traces of his steps upon the stone floor of his prison.

No. 112. In common with many other descriptive sonnets, this one does not observe the division between octave and sestet. The pictorial details in the poem are especially worthy of note: they are as vivid and clear as those in a good photograph.

No. 113. John Wilson ("Christopher North") was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He was a native of Paisley. His longer poems are *The Isle of Palms* and *The City of the Plague* and most of his writings are characterised by beauty of description and tenderness of sentiment.

Note that this sonnet is irregular, though it resembles the Spenserian model in the interlacing of the first two quatrains. Why did the author not interlace the third quatrain with the second?

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No. 114. *George Chapman* (1557-1634) wrote a fine, energetic translation of Homer in heptameters. Mr. Palgrave considers that "to find in Chapman's Homer 'the pure serene' of the original, the reader must bring with him the imagination of the youthful poet."

Cortez = a famous Spaniard who conquered Mexico and explored the isthmus of *Darien* (= Panama), though he did not, as this sonnet suggests, discover the Pacific Ocean. Balboa had that honour.

Nos. 116, 119. These two sonnets were written in friendly rivalry under a time-limit. The same two poets and Shelley also wrote sonnets on *The Nile* under similar conditions.

No. 117. Of this sonnet Coleridge wrote that it was "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language." Of no single sonnet has so much appreciative criticism been written. I follow the text of the late Mr. William Sharp in altering "fly" in the eleventh line to "flow'r."

No. 118. Humour, as a rule, is not a fitting subject for the sonnet, and this is probably one of the most successful attempts at the humorous sonnet.

Spence (1699-1768). His *Anecdotes* serve as a mine of information about Pope and his circle. Johnson used them in his *Lives*.

Gay (1685-1732) was a writer of happy songs, among other forms, and his *Black-eyed Susan* is still well known.

John Blair (1699-1746) wrote a dull poem entitled *The Grave* on which Hood puns, as he does on Thomson's (1700-48) *Castle of Indolence*.

No. 120. A model sonnet of the Italian type.

No. 122. From *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

No. 123. Those best qualified to judge place Rossetti as a sonneteer second to no one unless, perhaps, to Shakespeare. His conception, therefore, of what a sonnet ought to be, is of interest in a section like the present, while the poem itself is an excellent example of the form.

Nos. 125, 126. It is with especial pleasure that I am able to include these two sonnets by Mr. Watts-Dunton—poet, novelist, and critic—whose sonnets in *The Coming of Love* entitle him to a place in the highest rank of English sonnetters. The two poems should be compared as the poetical expression of the view that Nature is *benigna* or *maligna* according to the heart that contemplates her.

III. THE ODE

In addition to the characteristics enumerated in the Introduction to this section notice:—

- (1) the large number of odes which begin with an invocation or address : e.g. "Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake!" (*Progress of Poesy*); "Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!" (*To a Skylark*);
- (2) that the majority of odes are rhymed, though rhyme is not essential to excellence in this form. Collins' very fine *Ode to Evening* shows the possibilities of unrhymed verse in an odic poem.

No. 128. Trace carefully in this poem the connection between the varying sounds and metres and the emotions aroused in Alexander by the Theban musician, Timotheus. The incident referred to is the burning of Persepolis by Alexander under the influence both of Timotheus' music and of the Athenian, Thais.

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Hautboy=a high-toned wind instrument consisting of a tapering wooden tube with holes as keys.

Divine Cecilia was supposed to have invented the organ. St. Cecilia was the patron saint of music.

No. 129. The fairly uniform metre in this poem suggests that Collins is not depending entirely on metrical or tonal variation for the expression of the different passions. On what does he depend?

Buskins=hunting-boots, which extended to halfway up the lower leg; *Fauns*=attendants on Pan; *Dryads*=forest-nymphs; *Satyrs*=mythological wood-dwellers, half men and half goats.

No. 130. The principal clause to all the preceding clauses in the first three and a half stanzas is in stanza 4:

"Now teach me, Maid etc."

The editor prefers the texts of stanzas 8, 9, and 13 to alternative texts which exist.

No. 131. This ode was written in 1746 and was probably inspired by the English defeats in Belgium and at Falkirk in Scotland, in 1745 and 1746 respectively.

No. 132. If the pupil writes down the rhyme-scheme of this ode, he will note that the first, fourth, and seventh stanzas are exactly inter-correspondent and that a similar relationship exists between the second, fifth, and eighth, and the third, sixth and ninth. The whole poem is therefore divisible into three precisely similar parts (stanzas 1-3; 4-6; and 7-9) known technically as the *Strophe* or "Turn," *Antistrophe* or "Counter-Turn" and *Egodos* or "After-Song." This was the regular form of the Pindaric Ode referred to in the Introduction to this section.

The sad Nine=the Nine Muses—sad because of the decadence of poetry and the arts in Greece; *Nature's Darling*=Shakespeare; *nor second He*=Milton; *two coursers of ethereal race*=the heroic couplet used by Dryden with consummate skill; *the Theban eagle*=Pindar.

No. 133. One of the finest regular odes in English.

No. 134. There are many fine lines in this poem, which should find a place in the pupil's note-book.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, whilst admitting that this is "the finest irregular ode in the language" objects that the metrical and rhyme arrangement is not always "inevitable" and instances the passage in stanza 4, "My heart is at your festival...fresh flowers" as not being the outcome of any specific emotional necessity.

Humorous stage=that on which he represents the varying characteristics and humours of human life; *thou* in stanza 8 refers to the child.

No. 136. The succession of fine images in this poem is typical of Shelley. His preference for what is fleeting and evanescent in Nature, the flux, the change, the eternal motion of things, is illustrated in No. 137.

Nos. 138-141. These four odes by Keats are flawless and perfect specimens of their kind and prove that so far as he was concerned "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Beauty unassociated with passion, that pure, absolute Beauty of Nature and of Art Keats loved; to him it was Joy and

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Truth, and it was his aim as a poet to express in verbal form all the images of Beauty which his fancy conceived. In studying these four odes carefully notice:—

- (1) the series of clear, delicate, sensuous pictures and images;
- (2) the method by which these pictures are presented to us, viz. the picturesque associations of individual words, which by their music and suggestion transmute sight and emotion into sound;
- (3) the exquisite personifications which sometimes remind us of groups of statuary, e.g.

"She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu";

- (4) the curious and original metres and rhyme-schemes. In the *Melan-choly* note the irregular rhyme-arrangement of the last stanza.

Braide (139) = braid.

No. 143. Note the rapid metre, entirely in keeping with the subject.

No. 145. The broad and free movement of the metre in this poem is typical of Swinburne, who revealed in magnificent fashion the rich metrical resources of our language. As a writer of odes he takes first rank among the poets of the Victorian Age.

IV. THE IDYLL

No. 146. From Breton's *The Passionate Shepherd*. The metre of this poem is a favourite among the idyll-writers. See also Nos. 147, 150, 152, 154. Note the close resemblance between this poem and the descriptive portion of Milton's *L'Allegro* which begins at line 41. The sequence of ideas, the metre, the cadences, and even some of the very language of Breton's poem resemble those of *L'Allegro* so strikingly that it seems fair to argue that Milton was undoubtedly, if perhaps unconsciously, influenced by Breton's lines. An interesting article in *The Modern Language Review* for April, 1911, deals fully with this subject and in it the writer remarks that the lines immediately following line 20 "might slip in anywhere between lines 41 and 68 of *L'Allegro* with scarcely an appreciable break in the rhythm—or, for that matter, in the sense."

No. 147. *Side* = long; *whittle* = knife; *chape* = a metal band round the top of the knife-sheath; *whig* = a drink made from whey; *doom* = do; *alder-lieft* = most delightful of all.

No. 148. Izaak Walton is supposed by some critics to have contributed the sixth stanza to this poem of Marlowe's.

No. 149. From Drayton's *The Muses' Elizium*.

Hight = is called.

No. 150. A companion poem to this, though not in the present volume, is *Il Penseroso*. *L'Allegro* = the Joyous; *Il Penseroso* = the Thoughtful. In the former the descriptions of country scenery and country life are very fine, though they differ from descriptions of similar things written by more modern poets like Wordsworth. How do they differ?

Yclept = called; *quips* = smart retorts; *cranks* = puns, turns of wit; *dight* = decked; *faery Mab* = the Queen of the Fairies; *Friar's lantern* = probably Will-o'-the-Wisp, a flickering light seen sometimes near the ground in marshy districts; *Goblin* = Robin Goodfellow, who was supposed to do work at night in

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exchange for a bowl of cream; *lubber*=awkward; *weeds of peace*=civil dress; *Jonson's learned sock*=Ben Jonson's comedies, which evidence great classical learning on the part of their author. The *soccus* or low slipper worn by Roman comedy-actors is symbolical of Comedy just as the *buskin* is of Tragedy.

Note: (1) that the descriptions are so arranged as to represent the passage of an entire day, from sunrise to evening;

(2) that the invocation in the first ten lines is merely a kind of introduction and is therefore cut off in a separate stanza with a rhyme-system differing from that in the remainder of the poem;

(3) that after the invocation the descriptions are continuous and merge into one another like the scenes in a series of dissolving views. Hence the continuity of the metre which is unbroken by any stanzaic arrangement.

No. 151. *The palm, the oak, or bay*=honours in war, civil life and learning respectively; *this dial new*=new method of telling time by the opening and closing of flowers.

No. 152. *Prelates' rage*. The emigrants are represented as having fled from the ecclesiastical administration of Archbishop Laud during the reign of Charles I; *Ormus*=an island in the Persian Gulf, at one time famous as a market for precious stones and pearls.

No. 153. In an essay appended to the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1815), Wordsworth wrote: "Excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie* of Lady Winchilsea and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of *Paradise Lost* and *The Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature." Though the accuracy of this statement may be called into question, in connection with the present poem the passage is of great interest, coming as it does from one who introduced so much of what was fresh into the poetry of nature.

No. 154. This very fine poem was first published in 1726, the same year as Thomson's *Winter* (subsequently incorporated in *The Seasons* referred to in the last note). Though Thomson and Dyer were apparently in correspondence with each other in 1726, the two poems are probably independent. Both are interesting as showing that poets were beginning to leave the cities, and to seek inspiration in the more accessible parts of the country. The present poem is a description of a landscape in South Wales as seen from Grongar Hill. What simple alteration in lines 82, 83 would make them comply with modern grammatical usage?

No. 155. From Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad* (stanzas omitted). Generally the narrator has no part in the incidents or descriptions given in an idyll; but not infrequently, as in this and the next two poems, narrative is replaced by monologue, and sometimes even by dramatic dialogue.

No. 156. Desire for the quiet pleasures of a country life—especially during the later years of life—is a very common motive in lyrical verse. See also No. 169.

No. 157. *Fountains*=springs.

No. 158. Compare the last three lines of this poem with the last stanza of the same poet's *Daffodils*.

No. 159. Coleridge was a master of verbal and metrical music, and this poem, fragment as it is, is convincing proof of his genius in this direction. The late Mr. Swinburne considered *Kubla Khan* to be the most wonderful

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poem in the world, and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton writes that in it Coleridge "having broken away from all restraints of couplet and stanza—having caused his rhymes and pauses to fall just where and just when the emotion demands that they should fall...has found...a music as entrancing, as natural, and at the same time as inscrutable as the music of the winds or of the sea."

Kubla Khan=Cublai Can, founder of the Mongol Dynasty in China; *Mount Abora*, in Abyssinia. Coleridge had been reading *Purchas His Pilgrimage*, a book of travels which described the great Palace in Xanadu.

No. 160. The simple metre suits the subject well.

No. 161. This might with equal propriety be included among the songs. Why? Note the pathos of the poem and study its onomatopoeic language.

No. 165. This is a wonderful example of the musical use of words and the original metrical and rhyming scheme produces an effect which can only be described as haunting. Collect instances of onomatopœia, alliteration, etc. Note, for instance, the sense of mystery conveyed by the short vowels and *s-sh* sounds in the last three lines of stanza 4 in Part I.

No. 167 contains some singularly fine imaginative marine pictures.

Nos. 168, 169. Two Victorian poems of rare beauty in their description and sentiment.

V. THE ELEGY

No. 170. Hebrew poetry is rhythmical, but has no metre as we understand the term, inasmuch as there are no regularly recurring groups of accented and unaccented syllables or of long and short syllables as in classical verse. It is, however, divided into rhythmical verses on the principle of *parallelism*. Two or more lines make a verse, and the thoughts in each line of the verse are parallel either synonymously or antithetically—more generally the former. Thus in the present poem we have:

"Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph,"

where the lines clearly fall into pairs.

Numerous other examples can be found in the *Psalms* and in the *Book of Proverbs*, much of the spirit and many of the characteristics of the Hebrew poetry being preserved in the English translation as given in the Authorised Version.

No. 171. *Melpomene*=the Muse of Tragedy. *O heavie herse*=O heavy refrain; *carefull*=full of care; *wight*=woman (in this case); *carke*=grief; *ygoe*=gone; *bale*=destruction; *eke*=also; *floods*=floods; *maugre*=in spite of (cf. *malgré*, Fr.); *dreaded sisters*=the three Fates—Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, who were supposed to control the births, careers, and deaths of all men, the first holding the distaff, the second spinning the thread of life, and the third cutting it at death; *nis*=is not.

Several stanzas have been omitted. The identity of Dido is unknown.

No. 172. To the memory of Milton's friend and fellow-student, Edward King, here referred to as Lycidas.

ll. 1 and 2, *laurals*—a garland of this evergreen was awarded to a successful poet by the Greeks and Romans; *myrtles* were held by the guests at a

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Greek banquet as songs were chanted in turn by each; l. 14, *melodious tear*=elegy; l. 15, *Sisters of the sacred well*=the nine Muses, who were supposed to dwell on Mt. Helicon, whence sprang two streams; l. 29, *batt'ning*=feeding; l. 34, *Satyrs and Fauns*=probably a pastoral reference to the undergraduates of his day; l. 36, *Dametas*=possibly Chappell, a tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge; l. 54, *Mona*=Anglesea; l. 55, *Deva*=the Dee; l. 65, *shepherd's trade*=the poet's calling; l. 75, *the blind Fury*=Atropos, one of the Fates; l. 89, *the herald of the sea*=Triton; l. 103, *Camus*=the deity of the River Cam; l. 109, *pilot of the Galilean lake*=St. Peter; l. 122, *the swart star*=Sirius, which, appearing to the Greeks about the height of summer, was supposed to bring heat which darkened, or made swart, leaves and flowers; l. 126, *rathe*=early; l. 144, *Bellerus*=probably connected with Bellerium (Land's End); ll. 145, 146, Mount St. Michael, the island in Cornwall, which faces Namancos and the *hold* (castle) of Bayona on the Spanish coast, was according to a legend the scene of an appearance of the Archangel Michael; l. 147, *ruth*=pity; l. 170, *uncouth*=unskilled; l. 172, *quills*=reeds; l. 173, *Doric*=the dialect *par excellence* of the Greek pastoral poets.

The savage attack, represented as made by St. Peter, on the ritualistic clergy of Land has always seemed to me to be out of place and something of a blot upon the poem as an elegy, and—even though the passage was specially selected by Ruskin for treatment in his "Of Kings' Treasures"—I have ventured to omit much of it from the text of the present edition, though, because of their historical interest, I include the omitted lines here in the Notes. I am conscious of the inconsistency of giving even the first three lines of St. Peter's stern words, but I trust that the retention of those exceedingly fine lines beginning, "Return, Alphéus," which would otherwise have been disconnected, will be a sufficient excuse for the compromise I have had to make. The following is the passage in question:—

"Of other care they little reck'ning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
—But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Note the general resemblance in spirit between this poem and Spenser's "Dido Dead."

No. 173. Cowley and Hervey were fellow-students at Cambridge. Some stanzas have been omitted.

No. 174. Twelve lines of the original poem have been omitted.

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No. 175. Probably the most widely known poem in the English language. The claims of Stoke Pogis Churchyard to be the scene of these meditations are generally recognised: the ivied tower, the rugged elm-trees, and the old yew-tree all being present even to-day.

Gray withdrew some stanzas from the original poem, one of which, as Mason points out, if inserted after stanza 26, would form a fitting completion of the day, "the peep of dawn" and "noon-tide" having just previously been mentioned. I give the verse here:

"Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
What time the wood-lark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

I follow Gray's own text in preferring "awaits" to "await" in stanza 9, and also an emendation of his in stanza 27, where most editions have "he would rove" instead of "would he rove." Metrically the latter seems the better rendering.

In reading this poem notice (1) the great simplicity with which the deepest human feeling is expressed; (2) Gray's frequent use of inversion, as in stanzas 2, 9 and 12; e.g.

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed";

(3) his use of words in their strictly etymological sense, as "science" for "learning"; (4) his employment of personification. Qualities 2, 3, 4, ally him to the Classical School of Poets, while his deep human sympathy connects him with the subsequent Romantic Movement.

No. 176. The direct out-pouring of the human heart in portions of this poem shows how far the reaction against the restraints imposed on feeling by the poets of the "Augustan Age" had gone. There is much of genuine pathos in the poem.

No. 177. Note the combination of extreme simplicity and pathos.

No. 178. The three parts in the structure of this lyric are quite evident. Analyse its form.

No. 179. The change in Wordsworth's point of view (stanza 8) was occasioned by the death of his brother, who was drowned at sea in 1815.

No. 182. Charles Lamb ("Elia") died in 1834. His relations with his sister were of the most affectionate kind, as may be gathered from the charming essay on "Old China."

No. 183. Tennyson seems to have had in mind the little sea-town of Clevedon, where his friend, Hallam, lay buried. The song itself, we are told, was "made in a Lincolnshire lane at 5 o'clock in the morning." It is exquisitely conceived.

No. 184. This poem refers to the death, at Gibraltar, of the author's brother, W. D. Arnold, during his homeward voyage from India. The first line describes the character of the Mediterranean coast near Cette, the scene of these verses.

Tenn=grief, probably caused by the death of his wife in India; *Saint Louis* was one of the leaders in the later Crusades, during one of which he died in 1270. The note of sadness which sounds through all Arnold's poetry makes him well fitted to be an elegist.

APPENDIX

*Poems Suitable for Comparison as regards Matter, Form,
Tone, and Execution.*

| | | No. |
|-----|--|--------|
| 1. | "When Runnels Began to Leap and Sing."— <i>A. Austin</i> | 86 |
| | "A Song of the Four Seasons."— <i>A. Dobson</i> | 87 |
| | "April."— <i>W. Watson</i> | 88 |
| 2. | "April."— <i>K. Brown</i> | 94 |
| | "A Morning Song."— <i>W. Shakespeare</i> | 9 |
| 3. | "Pack, Clouds."— <i>T. Heywood</i> | 18 |
| | "The Reverie of Poor Susan."— <i>W. Wordsworth</i> | 57 |
| 4. | "In City Streets."— <i>A. Smith</i> | 93 |
| | "A Wish."— <i>S. Rogers</i> | 156 |
| 5. | "My Will."— <i>A. C. Benson</i> | 169 |
| | "My Cathedral."— <i>H. W. Longfellow</i> | 121 |
| 6. | "My Study."— <i>A. Hayes</i> | 168 |
| | "The Skylark."— <i>J. Hogg</i> | 52 |
| 7. | "To a Skylark."— <i>W. Wordsworth</i> | 135 |
| | "To a Skylark."— <i>P. B. Shelley</i> | 136 |
| | "To a Nightingale."— <i>J. Keats</i> | 140 |
| 8. | "Philomela."— <i>M. Arnold</i> | 144 |
| | "The Grasshopper and the Cricket."— <i>J. Keats</i> | 146 |
| 9. | "The Grasshopper and the Cricket."— <i>L. Hunt</i> | 149 |
| | "Daffodils."— <i>W. Wordsworth</i> | 55 |
| 10. | "To Daffodils."— <i>R. Herrick</i> | 23 |
| | "Blossoms."— <i>R. Herrick</i> | 24 |
| | "Ode to the West Wind."— <i>P. B. Shelley</i> | 137 |
| 11. | "Ode to the North-East Wind."— <i>C. Kingsley</i> | 143 |
| | "Alexander's Feast."— <i>J. Dryden</i> | 128 |
| 12. | "The Passions."— <i>W. Collins</i> | 129 |
| | "The Shepherd to his Love."— <i>C. Marlowe</i> | 148 |
| 13. | "The Home Prepared."— <i>W. Shenstone</i> | 155 |
| | "One day I wrote her name."— <i>E. Spenser</i> | 96 |
| 14. | "To his Love."— <i>W. Shakespeare</i> | 97 |
| | "Cherry Ripe."— <i>R. Herrick</i> | 25 |
| 15. | "Cherry Ripe."— <i>Anonymous</i> | 19 |
| | "What the Bullet Sang."— <i>B. Hart</i> | 85 |
| 16. | "The Cricket Ball Sings."— <i>E. V. Lucas</i> | 92 |
| | "Begone, Dull Care!"— <i>Anonymous</i> | 3 |
| 17. | "Hence, Care!"— <i>Anonymous</i> | 4 |
| | "The Light of Other Days."— <i>T. Moore</i> | 60 |
| 18. | "The Days that are no more."— <i>A. Tennyson</i> | 78 (2) |
| | "Ode to the Departed Brave."— <i>W. Collins</i> | 131 |
| 19. | "Soldier, Rest!"— <i>Sir W. Scott</i> | 51 |
| | "Lament for Flodden."— <i>J. Elliot</i> | 40 |
| 20. | "Lament for Culloden."— <i>R. Burns</i> | 41 |
| | "Natura Maligna."— <i>T. Watts-Dunton</i> | 125 |
| 21. | "Natura Benigna."— <i>T. Watts-Dunton</i> | 126 |
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LIST OF CLASSICAL NAMES OCCURRING IN THE TEXT

Ægean Sea, the part of the Mediterranean between Greece and Asia Minor.

Æolian, from *Æolis*, a Greek colony in Asia Minor, containing the island of Lesbos.

Æthiop, from *Æthiopia*, a large country in Africa, lying south of Egypt.

Aglaia, one of the three Graces: the other two were Euphrosyne and Thalia.

Alexander III, the Great, born B.C. 355, was a pupil of Aristotle. He made many brilliant conquests in Asia and elsewhere, and defeated the Persians under Darius, the last of the Persian kings. In a fit of madness and intoxication he set fire to Persepolis, the capital of the Persian empire.

Alpheus, a Peloponnesian river, which was believed by the ancients to make its way under the sea to the fountain of Arethusa, near Syracuse. It was the river used by Hercules in cleansing the Augean stables.

Amyntas, a shepherd's name in Virgil's *Eclogues*.

Apollo, god of the fine arts and especially of music and poetry. He pursued a daughter of the river Peneus, Daphne, who was changed by the gods into a laurel. Both under this name and that of Phoebus he often stands for the sun.

Arcadia, a mountainous country in the middle of Peloponnesus, inhabited by the shepherds and their god, Pan. Much celebrated by the poets.

Arethuse, see *Alpheus*. The god of the river fell in love with the nymph, Arethusa, who was changed to a fountain.

Aurora, goddess of dawn, who opened with rosy fingers the gates of the east.

Bacchus, a son of Jupiter, and god of wine, usually represented as wearing a crown of ivy or vine leaves.

Baia, an ancient city on the coast of Campania, near the Bay of Naples.

Cephissus, from Cephissus, a river of Greece, flowing north of Mt. Parnassus.

Cerberus, a monstrous dog with 3, or 50, or 100 heads; he guarded the entrance to Hades.

Ceres, the goddess of corn and the harvest.

Charon, a boatman of the infernal regions, who ferried souls across the Styx and Acheron.

Cimmerian, from Cimmerii, a mythical people, dwelling in dark caves near the shore of Campania, in Italy.

Corydon or Coridon, a shepherd mentioned in the pastorals of Virgil and Theocritus.

LIST OF CLASSICAL NAMES

Cynthia. See *Diana*.

Cythera, another name for *Venus*, who was supposed to have risen from the sea near the island of *Cythera*, which was regarded afterwards as sacred to her.

Dametas, a shepherd-name in pastoral poetry.

Daphne. See *Apollo*.

Darius. See *Alexander*.

Daulis, a city in the vale of *Cephissus*, where *Philomela* was changed into a nightingale for having assisted her sister, *Procne*, in causing *Tereus*, *Procne's* husband, to eat the flesh of his son.

Delphi, a town in a valley S.W. of *Mt. Parnassus*, famed for a temple to *Apollo* and for its oracle.

Diana, twin-sister of *Apollo*, the virgin goddess of the moon and of hunting. Also called *Cynthia*.

Echo, a daughter of the *Air*, fell in love with *Narcissus*. Her love was not returned and she pined away, ultimately being changed to a stone which reserved her voice only.

Emathia, the empires of *Macedonia* and *Thessaly*.

Electra, the name of a drama by *Euripides*, a chorus of which sung at a feast, according to *Plutarch*, saved *Athens* from demolition.

Elysium, *Elysium*, an island, variously placed in the infernal regions, in the Fortunate Islands off the W. of *Africa*, and in *Italy*. This was the abode of virtuous souls after death.

Euphrosyne. See *Aglaia*.

Eurydice, wife of *Orpheus*. After her death *Orpheus* followed her to *Hades* and by his music charmed *Pluto*, the god of *Hades*, into permitting her return to earth on condition that he (*Orpheus*) did not look behind him until he had passed from the lower regions. His love for *Eurydice* caused him to break his condition and *Eurydice* had at once to return to the nether world.

Flora, the goddess of flowers and gardens.

Hebe, the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, the goddess of youth, and cup-bearer to the gods.

Hebrus, a *Thracian* river flowing into the *Ægean Sea*. After his visit to *Hades*, *Orpheus* was decapitated by the *Ciconian* women and his head thrown into the *Hebrus*. Eventually both his head and his lyre were cast up on *Lesbos*.

Helena, the most beautiful woman of her time, much sought after by the princes of *Greece*, married *Menelaus*. Later she fled with *Paris*, son of *Priam*, King of *Troy*, thus causing the great war between the *Greeks* and the *Trojans*, which resulted in the burning of *Troy*.

Helicon, a *Boeotian* mountain-range, near which was the sacred grove of the *Muses*. Here rose the fountain *Hippocrene*.

Hesperus, the planet *Venus*.

Hippocrene. See *Helicon*.

Hippotades, *Æolus*, the king of winds and storms. He was a son of *Hippotes*: hence the name.

Hymen, the god of marriage; according to some mythologists, the son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*.

Hyperion, the Sun.

Idalia, probably *Idalium*, a town in *Cyprus* with an adjoining grove sacred to *Venus*.

Ilissus, a stream in *Attica*, entering the sea near *Athens*, had on its bank a temple sacred to the *Muses*.

LIST OF CLASSICAL NAMES

Jove, Jupiter, the chief of the gods.

Latian, from Latium, a country of Italy adjoining the river Tiber.

Lesbian, from Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea, to which the Greeks ascribed the origin of their lyrical poetry.

Lethe, a river of Hell, whose waters, drunk by the souls of the dead, caused forgetfulness.

Lydia, a country in Asia Minor, which gave its name to one of the chief ancient musical modes.

Maander, a river of Asia Minor, famous for its very winding course.

Melpomene, the Muse of tragedy.

Menalcas, a shepherd in Virgil's *Eclogues*.

Mincius, the modern Mincio, a tributary of the Po. Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil, is on its banks.

Narcissus, a beautiful youth of Bœotia. He fell in love with his own image reflected in a spring and, desperate at his fruitless attempts to approach what he thought to be a water-nymph, killed himself. His blood was changed into the flower, Narcissus. See Echo.

Neera, a shepherdess in Virgil's *Eclogues*.

Neptune, son of Saturn, and god of the sea.

Olympia, Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great, before whose birth, it was said, she had been visited by Jupiter in the form of a serpent.

Orpheus. See Eurydice.

Pan, the god of shepherds and other dwellers in the country. He paid his addresses to a nymph, Syrinx, who in order to escape him was changed into a reed. Pan played on a flute made of seven reeds, and called it Syrinx in honour of the maiden.

Panope, one of the Nereides, or sea-nymphs, whom sailors generally invoked in a storm.

Parnassus, a mountain in Phocis, Greece, sacred to the Muses, and to Apollo and Bacchus.

Pelion, a pine-clad mountain of Thessaly.

Peneus, a river of Thessaly, flowing through the plains of Tempe. See Apollo.

Persepolis. See Alexander.

Philomel. See Daulis.

Phæbus. See Apollo.

Pindarus, a Greek lyrical poet who lived at Thebes. In the destruction of Thebes (335 B.C.) by Alexander, Pindar's house was spared.

Pluto, the ruler of the lower world. See Eurydice.

Prometheus, brother to Atlas, made a man of clay, and put life into him by fire stolen from heaven. As punishment for this, Jupiter chained him to a rock in the Caucasus where a vulture preyed continually upon his vitals, until he was delivered, 30 years afterwards, by Hercules.

Proserpine, daughter of Jupiter and Ceres, carried off and made queen of the lower regions by Pluto.

Proteus, a sea-god who had the power of changing his form. He tended the seals of Neptune.

Psyche, a nymph, wedded by Cupid whose mother, Venus, put her to death. At Cupid's request, however, she was given immortality. Psyche=the soul.

Silent, Fauns and Satyrs.

Stygian, from Styx, a river of the under-world across which the souls of the departed were ferried. See Charon.

Syrinx. See Pan.

LIST OF CLASSICAL NAMES

Tempe, a valley in Thessaly, through which the river Peneus flows, between Mts. Olympus and Ossa, to the Ægean Sea.

Thais, a beautiful Athenian woman, who became a favourite of Alexander the Great, and at whose instigation he set fire to the palace at Persepolis.

Thebes, the capital of Boeotia, a city with a monarchical government. See Pindar.

Thessaly, one of the large divisions of N. Greece.

Thestylis, a country-woman, mentioned in the pastoral poetry of Virgil and Theocritus.

Thracia, a large country, north of the Ægean Sea, the modern Roumelia, notorious in ancient times as a cruel and barbarous nation; the chief seat of Mars.

Thyrsis, the name of a shepherd, common in pastoral poetry.

Timotheus, a famous musician of Boeotia in the age of Alexander of whom he was a great favourite.

Tityrus, the name of a shepherd.

Timolus, a mountain of Lydia, about which the air was so wholesome that the inhabitants lived to be very old.

Triton, son of Neptune, a sea-deity generally represented as blowing a shell.

Troy, the famous city near Mt. Ida in Asia Minor, celebrated in the poems of Homer and Virgil for its great war against the Greeks, who besieged it to recover Helen. Troy was burnt after a siege of ten years. See Helen.

Venus, the goddess of beauty and love, mother of Cupid. See Cytherea.

Zephyrus, or Zephyr, the west wind.

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